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SHAKESPEARE'S

KING HENRY IV.

(PART I.)

WITH

INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND PLAN OF PREPARATION.

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AUG 31 1885
18235-Q2

(SELECTED.)

BY BRAINERD KELLOGG, A.M.,

Professor of the English Language and Literature in the Brooklyn Collegiate and Polytechnic Institute, and author of a "Text-Book on Rhetoric," a "Text-Book on English Literature," and one of the authors of Reed and Kellogg's "Graded Lessons in English," and "Higher Lessons in English."

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KING HENRY IV. (Part I.)

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

THE text here presented, adapted for use in mixed classes, has been carefully collated with that of six or seven of the latest and best editions. Where there was any disagreement, those readings have been adopted which seemed most reasonable and were supported by the best authority.

Professor Meiklejohn's exhaustive notes form the substance of those here used; and his plan, as set forth in the "General Notice" annexed, has been carried out in these volumes. But as these plays are intended rather for pupils in school and college than for ripe Shakespearian scholars, we have not hesitated to prune his notes of what ever was thought to be too learned for our purpose, or on other grounds was deemed irrelevant to it. The notes of other English editors have been freely incorporated.

B. K.

THE HOUSE IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN.

From a Drawing by J. W. Archer.

GENERAL NOTICE.

"AN attempt has been made in these new editions to interpret Shakespeare by the aid of Shakespeare himself. The Method of Comparison has been constantly employed; and the language used by him in one place has been compared with the language used in other places in similar circumstances, as well as with older English and with newer English. The text has been as carefully and as thoroughly annotated as the text of any Greek or Latin classic.

"The first purpose in this elaborate annotation is, of course the full working out of Shakespeare's meaning. The Editor has in all circumstances taken as much pains with this as if he had been making out the difficult and obscure terms of a will in which he himself was personally interested; and he submits that this thorough excavation of the meaning of a really profound thinker is one of the very best kinds of training that a boy or girl can receive at school. This is to read the very mind of Shakespeare, and to weave his thoughts into the fibre of one's own mental constitution. And always new rewards come to the careful reader—in the shape of new meanings, recognition of

thoughts he had before missed, of relations between the characters that had hitherto escaped him. For reading Shakespeare is just like examining Nature; there are no hollownesses, there is no scamped work, for Shakespeare is as patiently exact and as first-hand as Nature herself.

"Besides this thorough working-out of Shakespeare's meaning, advantage has been taken of the opportunity to teach his English—to make each play an introduction to the ENGLISH OF SHAKESPEARE. For this purpose copious collections of similar phrases have been gathered from other plays; his idioms have been dwelt upon; his peculiar use of words; his style and his rhythm. Some Teachers may consider that too many instances are given; but, in teaching, as in everything else, the old French saying is true: *Assez n'y a, s'il trop n'y a.* The Teacher need not require each pupil to give him *all* the instances collected. If each gives one or two, it will probably be enough; and, among them all, it is certain that one or two will stick in the memory. It is probable that, for those pupils who do not study either Greek or Latin, this close examination of every word and phrase in the text of Shakespeare will be the best substitute that can be found for the study of the ancient classics.

"It were much to be hoped that Shakespeare should become more and more of a study, and that every boy and girl should have a thorough knowledge of at least one play of Shakespeare before leaving school. It would be one of the best lessons in human life, without the chance of a polluting or degrading experience. It would also have the effect of bringing back into the too pale and formal English of modern times a large number of pithy and

vigorous phrases which would help to develop as well as to reflect vigor in the characters of the readers. Shakespeare used the English language with more power than any other writer that ever lived—he made it do more and say more than it had ever done; he made it speak in a more original way; and his combinations of words are perpetual provocations and invitations to originality and to newness of insight."—J. M. D. MEIKLEJOHN, M.A., *Professor of the Theory, History, and Practice of Education in the University of St. Andrews.*

PLAN OF STUDY

FOR

'PERFECT POSSESSION.

To attain to the standard of 'Perfect Possession,' the reader ought to have an intimate and ready knowledge of the subject. (See opposite page.)

The student ought, first of all, to read the play as a pleasure; then to read it over again, with his mind upon the characters and the plot; and lastly, to read it for the meanings, grammar, &c.

With the help of the scheme, he can easily draw up for himself short examination papers (1) on each scene, (2) on each act, (3) on the whole play.

1. The Plot and Story of the Play.

(*a*) The general plot ;

(*b*) The special incidents.

2. The Characters: Ability to give a connected account of all that is done and most of what is said by each character in the play.

3. The Influence and Interplay of the Characters upon each other.

(*a*) Relation of A to B and of B to A ;

(*b*) Relation of A to C and D.

4. Complete Possession of the Language.

(*a*) Meanings of words ;

(*b*) Use of old words, or of words in an old meaning ;

(*c*) Grammar ;

(*d*) Ability to quote lines to illustrate a grammatical point.

5. Power to Reproduce, or Quote.

(*a*) What was said by A or B on a particular occasion ;

(*b*) What was said by A in reply to B ;

(*c*) What argument was used by C at a particular juncture ;

(*d*) To quote a line in instance of an idiom or of a peculiar meaning.

6. Power to Locate.

(*a*) To attribute a line or statement to a certain person on a certain occasion ;

(*b*) To cap a line ;

(*c*) To fill in the right word or epithet.

PASSAGES ILLUSTRATIVE
OF
SHAKESPEARE'S KING HENRY IV.
PART I.

ABRIDGED FROM HOLINSHED'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

"OWEN GLENDOWER was son to an esquire of Wales. He was first set to study the laws of the realm, and became an utter barrister, or an apprentice of the law (as they term him), and served King Richard at Flint Castle when he was taken by Henry duke of Lancaster; though others have written that he served this King Henry IV., before he came to attain the crown, in room of an esquire; and after, by reason of variance that rose betwixt him and the Lord Reginald Grey of Ruthin, about the lands which he claimed to be his by right of inheritance, when he saw that he might not prevail, finding no such favor in his suit as he looked for, he first made war against the said Lord Grey, wasting his lands and possessions with fire and sword. The king, advertised of such rebellious exploits, enterprised by the said Owen and his unruly complices, determined to chastise them, and so with an army entered into Wales; but the Welshmen with their captain withdrew into the mountains of Snowdon.

"Owen Glendower, according to his accustomed manner, robbing and spoiling within the English borders, caused all the forces of the shire of Hereford to assemble against them under the conduct of Edmund Mortimer, earl of March. But, whether by treason or otherwise, so it fortuned, that the English power was discomfited, the earl taken prisoner, and about a thousand of his people slain. The shameful villainy used by the Welsh women towards the dead carcasses was such as honest ears would be ashamed to hear, and continent tongues to speak thereof. The king was not hasty to purchase the deliverance of the earl of March, because his title to the crown was well enough known, and therefore suffered him to remain in miserable prison.

"The king, to chastise the Welshmen, went with a great power of men into Wales to pursue the captain of the Welsh rebels, Owen Glendower; but Owen conveyed himself out of the way into his known lurking-places; and (as was thought) through art magic he caused such foul weather of winds, tempest, rain, snow and hail to be raised, for the avoidance of the king's army, that the like had not been heard of: in such sort that the king was constrained to return home.

"Archibald, Earl Douglas, procured a commission to invade England, and that to his cost. For at a place called Homeldon they were so fiercely assailed by the Englishmen, under the leading of the Lord Percy, surnamed Henry Hotspur, and George, earl of March, that with violence of the English shot they

were quite vanquished and put to flight. There were slain, of men of estimation, Sir John Swinton, Sir Adam Gordon, etc., and three-and-twenty knights, besides ten thousand of the commons; and, of prisoners, among others were these: Mordake, earl of Fife, son to the governor, Archibald, earl of Douglas,[1] Thomas, earl of Murray, Robert, earl of Angus, etc.

"Edmund Mortimer, earl of March, prisoner with Owen Glendower, whether for irksomeness of cruel captivity or fear of death, or what other cause, it is uncertain, agreed to take part with Owen against the king of England, and took to wife the daughter of the said Owen. Strange wonders happened (as men reported) at the nativity of this man; for the same night that he was born all his father's horses in the stable were found to stand in blood up to the bellies.

"Henry, earl of Northumberland, with his brother Thomas, earl of Worcester, and his son, the Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, which were to King Henry, in the beginning of his reign, both faithful friends and earnest aiders, began now to envy his wealth and felicity; and especially they were grieved, because the king demanded of the earl and his son such Scottish prisoners as were taken at Homeldon and Nesbit: for of all the captives which were taken in the conflicts fought in those two places,

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[1] In Holinshed, an omission of the comma after the word "governor" misled Shakespeare to call Mordake "eldest son to beaten Douglas." The governor or regent of Scotland was Robert, duke of Albany. See the 2d line on the next page.

there was delivered to the king's possession only Mordake, earl of Fife, the duke of Albany's son, though the king did divers and sundry times require deliverance of the residue, and that with great threatenings: wherewith the Percies being sore offended, for that they claimed them as their own proper prisoners, and their peculiar prizes, by the counsel of the Lord Thomas Percy, earl of Worcester, whose study was ever (as some write) to procure malice, and set things in a broil, came to the king unto Windsor (upon a purpose to prove him), and there require of him that, either by ransom or otherwise, he would cause to be delivered out of prison Edmund Mortimer, earl of March, their cousin german, whom (as they reported) Owen Glendower kept in filthy prison, shackled with irons, only for that he took his part, and was to him faithful and true. The king began not a little to muse at this request, and not without cause; for indeed it touched him somewhat near, sith this Edmund was son to Roger, earl of March, which Edmund, at King Richard's going into Ireland, was proclaimed heir apparent to the crown, whose aunt, called Ellianor, the Lord Henry Percy had married, and therefore King Henry could not well bear that any man should be earnest about the advancement of that lineage.

"The king, when he had studied on the matter, made answer, that the earl of March was not taken prisoner for his cause, nor in his service, but willingly suffered himself to be taken, because he would not withstand the attempts of Owen Glendower and

his complices, therefore he would neither ransom him nor release him.

"The Percies with this answer and fraudulent excuse were not a little fumed, insomuch that Henry Hotspur said openly: Behold, the heir of the realm is robbed of his right, and yet the robber with his own will not redeem him. So in this fury the Percies departed, minding nothing more than to depose King Henry from the high type of his royalty, and to place in his seat their cousin Edmund, earl of March, whom they did not only deliver out of captivity, but also (to the high displeasure of King Henry) entered in league with the foresaid Owen Glendower.

"Herewith they by their deputies, in the house of the archdeacon of Bangor, divided the realm amongst them, causing a tripartite indenture to be made, and sealed with their seals; by the covenants whereof all England from Severn and Trent, south and eastward, was assigned to the earl of March; all Wales, and the lands beyond Severn westward, were appointed to Owen Glendower; and all the remnant, from Trent northward, to the Lord Percy. This was done (as some have said) through a foolish credit given to a vain prophecy, as though King Henry was the moldwarp, cursed of God's own mouth, and they three were the dragon, the lion, and the wolf, which should divide this realm between them.

"King Henry, not knowing of this confederacy, gathered a great army to go again into Wales, whereof the earl of Northumberland and his son

were advertised by the earl of Worcester, and with all diligence raised all the power they could make, and sent to the Scots which before were taken prisoners at Homeldon, for aid of men, promising to the earl of Douglas the town of Berwick and a part of Northumberland, and to other Scottish lords great lordships and seignories, if they obtained the upper hand. The Scots, in hope of gain, and desirous to be revenged of their old griefs, came to the earl with a great company well appointed.

"The Percies, to make their part seem good, devised certain articles, by the advice of Richard Scroope, archbishop of York, brother to the Lord Scroope whom King Henry had caused to be beheaded at Bristow. These articles being showed to several noblemen, many of them did not only promise to the Percies aid and succor by words, but also by their writings and seals confirmed the same. Howbeit, when the matter came to trial, the most part of the confederates abandoned them. The Lord Henry Percy, desirous to proceed in the enterprise, upon trust to be assisted by Owen Glendower, the earl of March, and others, assembled an army south of Cheshire and Wales. Incontinently his uncle, Thomas Percy, earl of Worcester, that had the government of the prince of Wales, who as then lay at London, in secret manner conveyed himself out of the prince's house, and coming to Stafford, where he met his nephew, they increased their power by all ways and means they could devise. The earl of Northumberland himself was not with them, but,

being sick, had promised upon his amendment to repair unto them.

"King Henry, advertised of the proceedings of the Percies, forthwith gathered about him such power as he might make, and passed forward with such speed that he was in sight of his enemies lying in camp near to Shrewsbury, before they were in doubt of any such thing.

"Now, when the two armies were encamped, the one against the other, the earl of Worcester and the Lord Percy with their complices sent the articles (whereof I spake before) by esquires to King Henry, which in effect charged him with manifest perjury; in that (contrary to his oath received upon the evangelists at Doncaster, when he first entered the realm after his exile) he had taken upon him the crown and royal dignity, imprisoned King Richard, caused him to resign his title, and finally to be murdered. Divers other matters they laid to his charge, etc. King Henry after he had read their articles, with the defiance which they annexed to the same, answered the esquires that he was ready with dint of sword and fierce battle to prove their quarrel false.

"The next day, in the morning early, the abbot of Shrewsbury and one of the clerks of the privy seal were sent from the king unto the Percies, to offer them pardon if they would come to any reasonable agreement. By their persuasions the Lord Henry Percy began to give ear unto the king's offers, and so sent with them his uncle, the earl of Worcester, to declare unto the king the causes of those troubles,

and to require some effectual reformation in the same.

"It was reported for a truth, that now when the king had condescended unto all that was reasonable at his hands to be required, and seemed to humble himself more than was meet for his estate, the earl of Worcester, upon his return to his nephew, made relation clean contrary to that the king had said, in such sort that he set his nephew's heart more in displeasure towards the king than ever it was before, driving him by that means to fight whether he would or not; then suddenly blew the trumpets; the king's part crying *St. George* upon them, the adversaries cried *Esperance Percy*, and so the two armies furiously joined.

"The prince that day holp his father like a lusty young gentleman; for although he was hurt in the face with an arrow so that divers noblemen that were about him would have conveyed him forth of the field, yet he would not suffer them so to do, lest his departure from amongst his men might happily have stricken some fear into their hearts. At length the king crying *St. George*, *Victory*, brake the array of his enemies, and adventured so far that (as some write) the Earl Douglas strake him down, and at that instant slew Sir Walter Blunt, and three others, appareled in the king's suit and clothing: saying, I marvel to see so many kings thus suddenly arise, one in the neck of another. The king indeed was raised, and did that day many a noble feat of arms. The other on his part encouraged by his doings fought

valiantly, and slew the Lord Percy, called Sir Henry Hotspur. To conclude, the king's enemies were vanquished and put to flight; in which flight the earl of Douglas, for haste, falling from the crag of a high mountain, was taken, and, for his valiantness, of the king frankly and freely delivered. There were also taken the earl of Worcester, the procurer and setter forth of all this mischief, Sir Richard Vernon, with divers others. The earl of Worcester, the baron of Kinderton and Sir Richard Vernon, knights, were condemned and beheaded."

FROM PROF. DOWDEN'S

"MIND AND ART OF SHAKESPEARE."

"BOLINGBROKE utters few words in the play of *Richard II.;* yet we feel that from the first the chief force centers in him. He possesses every element of power except those which are spontaneous and unconscious. He is dauntless, but his courage is under the control of his judgment; it never becomes a glorious martial rage like that of the Greek Achilles, or like that of the English Henry, Bolingbroke's son. He is ambitious, but his ambition is not an inordinate desire to wreak his will upon the world, and expend a fiery energy like that of Richard the Third; it is an ambition which aims at definite ends, and can be held in reserve till these are attainable. He is studious to obtain the good graces of nobles and of people, and he succeeds because, wedded to his end,

he does not become impatient of the means; but he is wholly lacking in genius of the heart, and therefore he obtains the love of no man. He is indeed formidable; his enemies describe England as

> 'A bleeding land
> Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;'

and he is aware of his strength; but there is in his nature no fund of incalculable strength of which he cannot be aware. All his faculties are well organized, and help one another; he is embarrassed by no throng of conflicting desires or sympathies. He is resolved to win the throne, and has no personal hostility to the king to divide or waste his energies; only a little of contempt. In the deposition scene he gives as little pain as may be to Richard; he controls and checks Northumberland, who irritates and excites the king by requiring him to read the articles of his accusation. Because Bolingbroke is strong, he is not cruel. He decides when to augment his power by clemency, and when by severity. Aumerle he can pardon, who will live to fight and fall gallantly for Henry's son at Agincourt. He can dismiss to a dignified retreat the Bishop, who, loyal to the hereditary principle, had pleaded against Henry's title to the throne. But Bushy, Green, and such like caterpillars of the Commonwealth, Henry has sworn to weed and pluck away. And, when he pardons Aumerle, he sternly decrees to death his own brother-in-law.

"The honor of England he cherished not with passionate devotion, but with a strong, considerate care, as though it were his own honor. There is nothing

infinite in the character of Henry, but his is a strong finite character. When he has attained the object of his ambition. he is still aspiring; but he does not aspire towards anything higher and further than that which he had set before him; his ambition is now to hold firmly that which he has energetically grasped. He tries to control England as he controlled roan Barbary:

> 'Great Bolingbroke,
> Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
> Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
> With slow but stately pace kept on his course.'

'Even in his policy,' Mr. Hudson has truly said, 'there was much of the breadth and largeness which distinguished the statesman from the politician.' He can conceive beforehand with practical imaginative faculty the exigencies of a case, and provide for them. . . . .

"Yet the success of Bolingbroke—although he succeeded to the full measure of his powers and lost no opportunity by laxness or self-indulgence—was not a complete achievement. When a little before his death his heart was at last set right with his son's heart, he could confess,

> 'God knows, my son,
> By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
> I met this crown, and I myself know well
> How troublesome it sat upon my head.
> To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
> Better opinion, better confirmation.'

By caution and by boldness he had won the crown, and held it resolutely. But his followers fell away;

the truculent nobles of the North were in revolt; and there was a profound suspicion of the policy of the king. One son had reproduced the character of his father without the larger and finer features of that character. The other he could not understand, failing to discern, almost up to the last, the steadfast hidden loyalty and love of that son. It is hard for the free, spontaneous heart to disclose itself to the deliberate and cautious heart, which yet yearns pathetically for a child's affection. There is something piteously undiscerning in the wish of the father of a Henry the Fifth that he might have been the father of a Hotspur. . . .

Shakespeare has judged Henry the Fourth and pronounced that his life was not a failure; still it was at best a partial success. Shakespeare saw, and he proceeded to show to others, that all which Bolingbroke had attained, and almost incalculably greater possession of good things, could be attained more joyously by nobler means. The unmistakable enthusiasm of the poet about his Henry the Fifth has induced critics to believe that in him we find Shakespeare's ideal of manhood. He must certainly be regarded as Shakespeare's ideal of manhood in the sphere of practical achievement—the hero and central figure, therefore, of the historical plays.

"The fact has been noticed that with respect to Henry's youthful follies, Shakespeare deviated from all authorities known to have been accessible to him. 'An extraordinary conversion was generally thought to have fallen upon the prince on coming to

the crown—inasmuch that the old chroniclers could only account for the change by some miracle of grace or touch of supernatural benediction.' (*Hudson.*) Shakespeare, it would seem, engaged now upon historical matter and not the fantastic substance of a comedy, found something incredible in the sudden transformation of a reckless libertine (the Henry described by Caxton, by Fabyan, and others) into a character of majestic force and large practical wisdom. Rather than reproduce this incredible popular tradition concerning Henry, Shakespeare preferred to attempt the difficult task of exhibiting the prince as a sharer in the wild frolic of youth, while at the same time he was holding himself prepared for the splendid entrance upon his manhood, and stood really aloof in his inmost being from the unworthy life of his associates.

"The change which effected itself in the prince, as represented by Shakespeare, was no miraculous conversion, but merely the transition from boyhood to adult years, and from unchartered freedom to the solemn responsibilities of a great ruler. We must not suppose that Henry formed a deliberate plan for concealing the strength and splendor of his character, in order afterwards to flash forth upon men's sight and overwhelm and dazzle them. When he soliloquizes (i, 2. 219, *seq.*), having bid farewell to Poins and Falstaff—

> 'I know you all, and will awhile uphold
> The unyok'd humor of your idleness;
> Yet herein will I imitate the sun,

> Who doth permit the base, contagious clouds
> To smother up his beauty from the world,
> That, when he please again to be himself,
> Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
> By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
> Of vapors that did seem to strangle him'—

when Henry soliloquizes thus, we are not to suppose that he was quite as wise and diplomatical as he pleased to represent himself, for the time being, to his own heart and conscience. The prince entered heartily and without reserve into the fun and frolic of his Eastcheap life; the vigor and the folly of it were delightful; to be clapped on the back, and shouted for as 'Hal,' was far better than the doffing of caps and crooking of knees, and delicate, unreal phraseology of the court. But Henry, at the same time, kept himself from subjugation to what was really base. He could truthfully stand before his father (iii. 2) and maintain that his nature was substantially sound and untainted, capable of redeeming itself from all past, superficial dishonor.

"Has Shakespeare erred? Or is it not possible to take energetic part in a provisional life, which is known to be provisional, while at the same time a man holds his truest self in reserve for the life that is best and highest and most real? May not the very consciousness, indeed, that such a life is provisional, enable one to give oneself away to it, satisfying its demands with scrupulous care, or with full and free enjoyment, as a man could not if it were a life which had any chance of engaging his whole personality, and that finally? Is it possible to adjust two states of

ally of ten syllables, of which the second, fourth, sixth, eighth, and tenth are accented. The line consists, therefore, of five parts, each of which contains an unaccented followed by an accented syllable, as in the word *attend*. Each of these five parts forms what is called a *foot* or *measure;* and the five together form a *pentameter*. "Pentameter" is a Greek word signifying "five measures." This is the usual form of a line of blank verse. But a long poem composed entirely of such lines would be monotonous, and for the sake of variety several important modifications have been introduced.

(*a*) After the tenth syllable, one or two unaccented syllables are sometimes added; as—

"*Me-thought* | *you said* | *you nei* | *ther lend* | *nor bor* | *row.*"

(*b*) In any foot the accent may be shifted from the second to the first syllable, provided two accented syllables do not come together.

"*Pluck' the* | *young suck'* | *ing cubs'* | *from the'* | *she bear'.* | "

(*c*) In such words as "yesterday," "voluntary," "honesty," the syllables *-day*, *-ta-*, and *ty* falling in the place of the accent, are, for the purposes of the verse, regarded as truly accented.

"*Bars' me* | *the right'* | *of vol'-* | *un-ta'* | *ry choos'* | *ing.*"

(*d*) Sometimes we have a succession of accented syllables; this occurs with monosyllabic feet only.

"*Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark.*"

(*e*) Sometimes, but more rarely, two or even three unaccented syllables occupy the place of one; as—

"*He says* | *he does,* | be-ing *then* | *most flat* | *ter-ed.*"

(*f*) Lines may have any number of feet from one to six.

Finally, Shakespeare adds much to the pleasing variety of his blank verse by placing the pauses in different parts of the line (especially after the second or third foot), instead of placing them all at the ends of lines, as was the earlier custom.

N. B.—In some cases the rhythm requires that what we usually pronounce as one syllable shall be divided into two, as *fi-er* (fire), *su-er* (sure), *mi-el* (mile), &c.; *too-elve* (twelve), *jaw-ee* (joy), &c. Similarly, *she-on* (-tion or -sion).

It is very important to give the pupil plenty of ear-training by means of formal scansion. This will greatly assist him in his reading.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.
HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, *son to the king.*
PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, *son to the king.*
EARL OF WESTMORELAND, *friend to the king.*
SIR WALTER BLUNT, *friend to the king.*
THOMAS PERCY, *Earl of Worcester.*
HENRY PERCY, *Earl of Northumberland.*
HENRY PERCY, *surnamed Hotspur, son to the Earl of Northumberland.*
EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March.*
SCROOP, *Archbishop of York.*
SIR MICHAEL, *a friend of the Archbishop.*
ARCHIBALD, *Earl of Douglas.*
OWEN GLENDOWER.
SIR RICHARD VERNON.
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
POINS.
GADSHILL.
PETO.
BARDOLPH.
LADY PERCY, *wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.*
LADY MORTIMER, *daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.*
MRS. QUICKLY, *hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.*

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, Two Carriers, Travelers, and Attendants.

SCENE—ENGLAND.

KING HENRY IV.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. The Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, the EARL OF WESTMORELAND, SIR WALTER BLUNT, *and others.*

King. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in strands afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flow'rets with the armèd hoofs
Of hostile paces: those opposèd eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathèd knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulcher of Christ,—
Whose soldier now, under whose blessèd cross
We are impressèd and engag'd to fight,—

Forthwith a power of English shall we levy
To chase these pagans in those holy fields
Over whose acres walk'd those blessèd feet
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose is a twelve-month old,
And bootless 't is to tell you—we will go;
Therefore we meet not now.—Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree
In forwarding this dear expedience.

Westmoreland. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came
A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against th' irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
A thousand of his people butcherèd;
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
Such beastly, shameless transformation,
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be,
Without much shame, re-told or spoken of.

King. It seems, then, that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

Westmoreland. This match'd with other did, my gracious lord;
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it did import:
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approvèd Scot,
At Holmedon met,

Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour,
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

King. Here is a dear, a true-industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new-lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited;
Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,
Balk'd in their own blood did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains. Of prisoners, Hotspur took
Mordake, the Earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas, and the Earl of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
And is not this an honorable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha! cousin, is it not?

Westmoreland. In faith,
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

King. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad and mak'st me sin
In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a son,
A son who is the theme of honor's tongue;
Amongst a grove the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonor stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.

But let him from my thoughts.—What think you, coz,
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd
To his own use he keeps, and sends me word
I shall have none but Mordake, Earl of Fife.

Westmoreland. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects;
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

King. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And, for this cause, awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor: so inform the lords;
But come yourself with speed to us again,
For more is to be said and to be done
Than out of anger can be uttered.

Westmoreland. I will, my liege. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *London. An Apartment of the Prince's.*

Enter the PRINCE OF WALES *and* FALSTAFF.

Falstaff. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack and unbuttoning thee after supper and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou would'st truly know. What hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of 'trulls,' and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colored taffeta, I see no reason why thou

shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Falstaff. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we that take purses go by the moon and the seven stars, and not by Phœbus,—he, *that wandering knight so fair.* And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art king, as, God save thy grace,—majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none,—

Prince. What, none?

Falstaff. No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Falstaff. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty; let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we—steal.

Prince. Thou say'st well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being govern'd, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing *Lay by*, and spent with crying *Bring in;* now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Falstaff. By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

Prince. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the

castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Falstaff. How now, how now, mad wag! what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

Prince. Why, what a 'plague' have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Falstaff. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Prince. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Falstaff. No; I 'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

Prince. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and, where it would not, I have used my credit.

Falstaff. Yea, and so used it that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—but, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobb'd as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

Prince. No; thou shalt.

Falstaff. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge!

Prince. Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Falstaff. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humor as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of suits?

Falstaff. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat or a lugg'd bear.

Prince. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

Falstaff. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

Prince. What say'st thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Falstaff. Thou hast the most unsavory similes; and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascalliest, sweet young prince. But, Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought! An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir, but I marked him not; and yet he talk'd very wisely, but I regarded him not; and yet he talk'd wisely, and in the street too.

Prince. Thou did'st well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Falstaff. O, thou hast abominable iteration, and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal; God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain! I'll be 'undone' for never a king's son in Christendom.

Prince. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Falstaff. Zounds, where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

Prince. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying to purse-taking.

Falstaff. Why, Hal, 't is my vocation, Hal; 't is no sin for a man to labor in his vocation.

Enter POINS.

Poins!—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a

match.—O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried *Stand* to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says Monsieur Remorse? what says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack! how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

Prince. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs: he will *give the devil his due.*

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill! there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses. I have vizors for you all; you have horses for yourselves. Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap; we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Falstaff. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home and go not, I 'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Falstaff. Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prince. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Falstaff. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood royal, if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.

Prince. Well, then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

Falstaff. Why, that's well said.

Prince. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Falstaff. I 'll be a traitor, then, when thou art king.

Prince. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go.

Falstaff. Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion, and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell; you shall find me in Eastcheap.

Prince. Farewell, thou latter spring! farewell, All-hallown summer! [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Poins. Now, my good, sweet, honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill shall rob those men that we have already waylaid: yourself and I will not be there; and, when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

Prince. How shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves; which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we' ll set upon them.

Prince. Ay, but 't is like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see; I 'll tie them in the wood: our vizors we will change

after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

Prince. But I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and, for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

Prince. Well, I 'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-night in Eastcheap; there I 'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [*Exit.*

Prince. I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyok'd humor of your idleness;
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base, contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapors that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behavior I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promisèd,
By how much better than my word I am
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,

Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I 'll so offend, to make offence a skill ;
Redeeming time when men think least I will.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*London. The Palace.*

Enter the KING, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, SIR WALTER BLUNT, *with others.*

King. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me ; for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience ; but be sure
I will henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition,
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

Worcester. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it ;
And that same greatness, too, which our own hands
Have holp to make so portly.

Northumberland. My lord,—

King. Worcester, get thee gone ; for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye.
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us ; when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.—

[*Exit* WORCESTER.

You were about to speak. [*To* NORTHUMBERLAND.

Northumberland. Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As is deliver'd to your majesty :
Either envy, therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.
Hotspur. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin new reap'd
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home.
He was perfumèd like a milliner,
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took 't away again ;
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff ; and still he smil'd and talk'd ;
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly, unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me ; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
Out of my grief and my impatience
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Answer'd neglectingly I know not what,—
He should, or he should not ; for he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman
Of guns and drums and wounds,—God save the mark !—

And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villainous salt-peter should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
And, I beseech you, let not this report
Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.
Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said
To such a person and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.
King. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso and exception,
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath willfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, 'wild' Glendower,
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost

To ransom home revolted Mortimer!
Hotspur. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war; to prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthèd wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower.
Three times they breath'd and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Blood-stainèd with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Color her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let not him be slander'd with revolt.
King. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him;
He never did encounter with Glendower.
I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the devil alone
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art not asham'd? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer.
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son.—
Send us your prisoners, or you 'll hear of it.
[*Exeunt* KING HENRY, BLUNT, *and train.*

Hotspur. An if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them.—I will after straight
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.
Northumberland. What, drunk with choler? stay and pause awhile.—
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hotspur. Speak of Mortimer!
Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him;
Yea, on his part I 'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.
Northumberland. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.
Worcester. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?
Hotspur. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.
Worcester. I cannot blame him; was he not proclaim'd
By Richard that dead is the next of blood?
Northumberland. He was; I heard the proclamation;
And then it was when the unhappy king,—
Whose wrongs in us God pardon!—did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he, intercepted, did return

To be depos'd, and shortly murderèd.
Worcester. And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandaliz'd and foully spoken of.
Hotspur. But, soft, I pray you; did King Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?
Northumberland. He did; myself did hear it.
Hotspur. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve.
But shall it be, that you that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murderous subornation—shall it be
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
O, pardon me that I descend so low,
To show the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this subtle king!
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did 'gage them both in an unjust behalf,—
As both of you, God pardon it, have done,—
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No; yet time serves wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd honors, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again;
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt

Of this proud king, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore, I say,—
Worcester. Peace, cousin, say no more.
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I 'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.
Hotspur. If he fall in, good night! or sink or swim;
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honor cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple; O, the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare!
Northumberland. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.
Hotspur. By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honor from the pale-fac'd moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drownèd honor by the locks,
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear,
Without corrival, all her dignities;
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!
Worcester. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.—
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.
Hotspur. I cry you mercy.
Worcester. Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners,—

Hotspur. I'll keep them all.
By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not.
I'll keep them, by this hand.
Worcester. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep.
Hotspur. Nay, I will; that's flat.
He said he would not ransom Mortimer,
Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla *Mortimer*!
Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.
Worcester. Hear you, cousin: a word.
Hotspur. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke;
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,
But that I think his father loves him not
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.
Worcester. Farewell, kinsman; I'll talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.
Northumberland. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!
Hotspur. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time,—what do you call the place?—
A plague upon 't!—it is in Gloucestershire;
'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept,
His uncle York,—where I first bow'd my knee

Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,—
When you and he came back from Ravenspurg.
Northumberland. At Berkeley castle.
Hotspur. You say true.—
Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look, *when his infant fortune came to age*,
And *gentle Harry Percy*, and *kind cousin*,—
O, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive me!—
Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.
Worcester. Nay, if you have not, to 't again;
We 'll stay your leisure.
Hotspur. I have done, i' faith.
Worcester. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons,
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,
Will easily be granted. You, my lord,
[*To* NORTHUMBERLAND.
Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd
Shalt secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,
The archbishop.
Hotspur. Of York, is 't not?
Worcester. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down,
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.
Hotspur. I smell 't; upon my life, it will do well.
Northumberland. Before the game's afoot, thou still lett'st slip.

Hotspur. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot.—
And then the power of Scotland and of York,—
To join with Mortimer, ha?
Worcester. And so they shall.
Hotspur. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.
Worcester. And 't is no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head;
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt,
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home;
And see already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.
Hotspur. He does, he does; we 'll be revenged on him.
Worcester. Cousin, farewell.—No farther go in this
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,
I 'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.
Northumberland. Farewell, good brother; we shall thrive, I trust.
Hotspur. Uncle, adieu; O, let the hours be short
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE. I.—*Rochester. An Inn Yard.*

Enter a Carrier *with a lantern in his hand.*

1 *Carrier.* Heigh-ho! An 't be not four by the day, I 'll be hanged! Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed.—What, ostler!

Ostler. [*Within*] Anon, anon.

1 *Carrier.* I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Carrier.* Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots; this house is turned upside down since Robin ostler died.

1 *Carrier.* Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

2 *Carrier.* I think this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

1 *Carrier.* Like a tench! by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.—What, ostler! come away, and be hanged! come away.

2 *Carrier.* I have a gammon of bacon and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

1 *Carrier.* 'Odsbody, the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst

not hear? An 't were not as good deed as drink to break the pate on thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hanged! hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.

Gadshill. Good morrow, carriers. What 's o'clock?

1 *Carrier.* I think it be two o'clock.

Gadshill. I prithee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Carrier.* Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

Gadshill. I prithee, lend me thine.

2 *Carrier.* Ay, when? canst tell?—*Lend me thy lantern*, quoth a'?—marry, I 'll see thee hang'd first.

Gadshill. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 *Carrier.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbor Mugs, we 'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge.

[*Exeunt* Carriers.

Gadshill. What, ho! chamberlain!

Chamberlain. [*Within*] At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gadshill. That 's even as fair as—*at hand, quoth the chamberlain;* for thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from laboring; thou lay'st the plot how.

Enter Chamberlain.

Chamberlain. Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight; there 's a franklin in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold. I heard him tell

it to one of his company last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too,—God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter; they will away presently.

Gadshill. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

Chamberlain. No, I'll none of it; I prithee, keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worship'st Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gadshill. What talk'st thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for, if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou know'st he is no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dream'st not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff, sixpenny strikers; none of these mad mustachio, purple-hued malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great oneyers; such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: and yet, zounds, I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth: or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her and make her their boots.

Chamberlain. What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gadshill. She will, she will; justice hath liquor'd her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Chamberlain. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

Gadshill. Give me thy hand; thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Chamberlain. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gadshill. Go to; *homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, ye muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Highway, near Gadshill.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter; I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.

Prince. Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Falstaff. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

Prince. Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

Falstaff. Where 's Poins, Hal?

Prince. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill; I 'll go seek him.

Falstaff. I am accurs'd to rob in that thief's company; the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty year, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I 'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph! Peto!—I 'll starve ere I 'll rob a foot further. An 't

were not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is three-score and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon it when thieves can not be true one to another! [*They whistle.*] Whew! —A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hang'd!

Prince. Peace! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travelers.

Falstaff. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

Prince. Thou liest; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Falstaff. I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

Prince. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Falstaff. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison! When a jest is so forward, and afoot too,—I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO *with him.*

Gadshill. Stand.

Falstaff. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 't is our setter; I know his voice.—Bardolph, what news?

Bardolph. Case ye, case ye; on with your vizors: there 's money of the king's coming down the hill; 't is going to the king's exchequer.

Falstaff. You lie, you rogue; 't is going to the king's tavern.

Gadshill. There 's enough to make us all.

Falstaff. To be hang'd.

Prince. You four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gadshill. Some eight or ten.

Falstaff. Zounds, will they not rob us?

Prince. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Falstaff. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

Prince. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Falstaff. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

Prince. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by; stand close.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE *and* POINS.

Falstaff. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I; every man to his business.

Enter Travelers.

1 *Traveler.* Come, neighbor: the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we 'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand!

Travelers. Jesu bless us!

Falstaff. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats. Ah! caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

Travelers. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever!

Falstaff. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves! young men must live. You are grand jurors, are ye? we 'll jure ye, i' faith.

[*Here they rob them and bind them. Exeunt.*

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS.

Prince. The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the theives and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close; I hear them coming.

Enter the Thieves *again.*

Falstaff. Come, my master, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there 's no equity stirring; there 's no more valor in that Poins than in a wild-duck.

Prince. Your money!

Poins. Villains!

[*As they are sharing, the* PRINCE *and* POINS *set upon them; they all run away* (FALSTAFF *after a blow or two*), *leaving the booty behind them.*

Prince. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse.
The thieves are scatter'd and possess'd with fear
So strongly that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along;
Were 't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Warkworth Castle.*

Enter HOTSPUR, *reading a letter.*

Hotspur. But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your House. He could be contented! why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our House! he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our House. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous;*—why, that's certain: 't is dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you have named uncertain, the time itself unsorted, and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.* Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. Zounds! an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? is there not, besides, the Douglas? have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself and go to buf-

fets, for moving such a dish of skim milk with so honorable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king; we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

Enter LADY PERCY.

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady Percy. O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I this fortnight been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's side?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,
And given my treasures and my rights of thee
To thick-eyed musing and curst melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars,
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed,
Cry *Courage! to the field!* And thou hast talk'd
Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
Of prisoners' ransom and of soldiers slain,
And all the current of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-disturbèd stream;
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden hest. O, what portents are these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,

And I must know it, else he loves me not.
Hotspur. What, ho!

Enter Servant.

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?
Servant. He is, my lord, an hour ago.
Hotspur. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?
Servant. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.
Hotspur. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?
Servant. It is, my lord.
Hotspur. That roan shall be my throne.
Well, I will back him straight.—*O esperance!*—
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.
[*Exit* Servant.
Lady Percy. But hear you, my lord.
Hotspur. What say'st thou, my lady?
Lady Percy. What is it carries you away?
Hotspur. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.
Lady Percy. Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen
As you are toss'd with. In faith,
I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title, and hath sent for you
To line his enterprise; but if you go,—
Hotspur. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.
Lady Percy. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly unto this question that I ask.
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.
Hotspur. Away,
Away, you trifler! Love! I love thee not,

I care not for thee, Kate ; this is no world
To play with mammets and to tilt with lips ;
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too.—God's me, my horse!—
What say'st thou, Kate? what would'st thou have with me?
Lady Percy. Do you not love me? do you not indeed?
Well, do not, then ; for, since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.
Hotspur. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate ;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout.
Whither I must, I must ; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise, but yet no further wise
Than Harry Percy's wife : constant you are,
But yet a woman : and, for secrecy,
No lady closer ; for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know ;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.
Lady Percy. How ! so far?
Hotspur. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate :
Whither I go, thither shall you go too ;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, Kate?
Lady Percy. It must of force. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Boar's-Head Tavern, Eastcheap.*

Enter the PRINCE *and* POINS.

Prince. Ned, prithee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

Prince. With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base-string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers; and can call them all by their Christian names, as Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that, though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy,—by the Lord, so they call me!—and when I am King of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet; and, when you breathe in your watering, they cry, *hem*! and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honor, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapp'd even now into my hand by an under-skinker, one that never spake other English in his life than *Eight shillings and sixpence*, and *You are welcome*, with this shrill addition, *Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon*, or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I prithee do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing but *Anon*. Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

Prince. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis! [*Exit* POINS.

Enter FRANCIS.

Francis. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomegranate, Ralph.

Prince. Come hither, Francis.

Francis. My lord?

Prince. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Francis. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Francis. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. Five year! by 'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture, and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?

Francis. O Lord, sir, I 'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Francis. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. How old art thou, Francis?

Francis. Let me see—about Michælmas next I shall be—

Poins. [*Within*] Francis.

Francis. Anon, sir.—Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

Prince. Nay, but hark you, Francis; for the sugar thou gavest me,—'t was a pennyworth, was 't not?

Francis. O Lord, sir, I would it had been two!

Prince. I will give thee for it a thousand pound; ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Francis. Anon, anon.

Prince. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, o' Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

Francis. My lord?

Prince. Wilt thou rob this leathern jerkin, crys-

tal-button, nott-pated, agate-ring, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

Francis. O Lord, sir, who do you mean?

Prince. Why, then, your brown bastard is your only drink; for look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully; in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Francis. What, sir?

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Prince. Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them call? [*Here they both call him; he stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

Enter Vintner.

Vintner. What, stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within.—[*Exit* FRANCIS.] My lord, old Sir John, with half-a-dozen more, are at the door; shall I let them in?

Prince. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door.—[*Exit* VINTNER.] Poins!

Re-enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. Sirrah, Falstaff, and the rest of the thieves are at the door; shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what 's the issue?

Prince. I am now of all humors that have showed themselves humors since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.—

Re-enter FRANCIS.

What 's o'clock, Francis?

Francis. Anon, anon, sir. [*Exit.*

Prince. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is up-stairs and down-stairs; his elo- quence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, *Fie upon this quiet life! I want work. O my sweet Harry*, says she, *how many hast thou killed to-day? Give my roan horse a drench*, says he; and answers *Some fourteen*, an hour after, *a trifle, a trifle.* I prithee, call in Falstaff; I 'll play Percy, and that brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. *Rivo!* says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO; FRANCIS *following with wine.*

Poins. Welcome, Jack, where hast thou been?

Falstaff. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I 'll sew nether-stocks and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

Prince. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted butter, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Falstaff. You rogue, here 's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it,—a villainous coward!—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not

three good men unhang'd in England ; and one of them is fat and grows old ; God help the while ! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver ; I could sing psalms or anything. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prince. How now, wool-sack ! what mutter you ?

Falstaff. A king's son ! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all the subjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geese, I 'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales !

Prince. Why, you round man, what's the matter ?

Falstaff. Are not you a coward ? answer me to that,—and Poins there ?

Poins. Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I 'll stab thee.

Falstaff. I call thee coward ! I 'll see the hang'd ere I call thee coward ; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back ; call you that backing of your friends ? A plague upon such backing ! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack ; I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

Prince. O villain ! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

Falstaff. All 's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

Prince. What 's the matter ?

Falstaff. What 's the matter ! there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

Prince. Where is it, Jack ? where is it ?

Falstaff. Where is it ! taken from us it is ; a hundred upon poor four of us.

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

Falstaff. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw—*ecce signum*! I never dealt better since I was a man; all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak; if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

Prince. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gadshill. We four set upon some dozen—

Falstaff. Sixteen at least, my lord.

Gadshill. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Falstaff. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gadshill. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us—

Falstaff. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince. What, fought you with them all?

Falstaff. All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Prince. Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

Falstaff. Nay, that's past praying for: I have pepper'd two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse—thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

Prince. What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

Falstaff. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Falstaff. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

Prince. Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Falstaff. In buckram?

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Falstaff. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

Prince. Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Falstaff. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

Prince. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Falstaff. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of—

Prince. So, two more already.

Falstaff. Their points being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Falstaff. Began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

Prince. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Falstaff. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prince. These lies are like their father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained, nott-pated fool, thou obscene, greasy tallow-keech,—

Falstaff. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prince. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason; what say'st thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Falstaff. What, upon compulsion? Zounds, an I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

Prince. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horseback-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,—

Falstaff. 'Sblood, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you stock-fish.—O for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-tuck,—

Prince. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

Prince. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark how, now a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house: and Falstaff, you carried yourself away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy and still run and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

Falstaff. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters; was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was now a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap-to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

Prince. Content; and the argument shall be thy running away.

Falstaff. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

Enter Hostess.

Hostess. O, my lord the prince!

Prince. How now, my lady the hostess! what say'st thou to me?

Hostess. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you; he says he comes from your father.

Prince. Give him as much as will make him a loyal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Falstaff. What manner of a man is he?

Hostess. An old man.

Falstaff. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

Prince. Prithee, do, Jack.

Falstaff. Faith, and I 'll send him packing. [*Exit.*

Prince. Now, sirs: by 'r lady, you fought fair; —so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no, fie!

Bardolph. Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

Prince. Tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hack'd it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bardolph. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed, and then to beslubber our garments with it and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before, I blush'd to hear his monstrous devices.

Prince. O villain thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rann'st away; what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bardolph. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

Prince. I do.

Bardolph. What think you they portend?

Prince. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bardolph. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

Prince. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone.—How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is 't ago, Jack, since thou saw'st thine own knee?

Falstaff. My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook—what a plague call you him?

Poins. O, Glendower.

Falstaff. Owen, Owen, the same; and his son-in-law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular,—

Prince. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Falstaff. You have hit it.

Prince. So did he never the sparrow.

Falstaff. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

Prince. Why, what a rascal art thou then to praise him so for running!

Falstaff. O' horseback, ye cuckoo; but afoot he will not budge a foot.

Prince. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Falstaff. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more. Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel. —But tell me, Hal, art not thou horribly afeard? thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art

thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prince. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Falstaff. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid tomorrow when thou comest to thy father; if thou love me, practice an answer.

Prince. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Falstaff. Shall I? content; this chair shall be my state, this dagger my scepter, and this cushion my crown.

Prince. The state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown.

Falstaff. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.

Prince. Well, here is my leg.

Falstaff. And here is my speech.—Stand aside, nobility.

Hostess. This is excellent sport, i' faith!

Falstaff. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Hostess. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Falstaff. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen;
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Hostess. O, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!

Falstaff. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompa-

nied: for, though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows; yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly a villainous trick of thine eye and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point; why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries?—a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses?—a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only but in woes also: and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Falstaff. A goodly, portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by 'r lady, inclining to three score; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff; him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me where hast thou been this month?

Prince. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I 'll play my father.

Falstaff. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.

Prince. Well, here I am set.

Falstaff. And here I stand.—Judge, my masters.

Prince. Now, Harry, whence come you?

Falstaff. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

Prince. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Falstaff. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false;—nay I 'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

Prince. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of a fat old man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humors, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that roasted Manningtree ox, that reverend vice, that gray iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Falstaff. I would your grace would take me with you; whom means your grace?

Prince. That villainous, abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old, white-bearded Satan.

Falstaff. My lord, the man I know.

Prince. I know thou dost.

Falstaff. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs

do witness it. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is 'lost;' if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord: banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not thy Harry's company: banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

Prince. I do, I will. [*A knocking is heard.*

[*Exeunt* Hostess, FRANCIS, *and* BARDOLPH.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *running.*

Bardolph. O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door.

Falstaff. Out, ye rogue! Play out the play; I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter the Hostess.

Hostess. O, my lord, my lord!—

Prince. Heigh, Heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick. What 's the matter?

Hostess. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door; they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

Falstaff. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit; thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

Prince. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Falstaff. I deny your *major*. If you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my

bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

Prince. Go, hide thee behind the arras;—the rest walk up above.—Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

Falstaff. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I 'll hide me.

Prince. Call in the sheriff.—

[*Exeunt all except the* PRINCE *and* PETO.

Enter Sheriff *and the* Carrier.

Now, master sheriff, what is your will with me?

Sheriff. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

Prince. What men?

Sheriff. One of them is well known, my gracious lord,
A gross fat man.

Carrier. As fat as butter.

Prince. The man, I do assure you, is not here;
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.
And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For anything he shall be charg'd withal;
And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sheriff. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

Prince. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,
He shall be answerable; and so farewell.

Sheriff. Good night, my noble lord.

Prince. I think it is good morrow, is it not?

Sheriff. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt* Sheriff *and* Carrier.

Prince. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

Peto. Falstaff!—Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

Prince. Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [*He searcheth his pockets.*] What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my lord.

Prince. Let 's see what they be; read them.

Peto. [*Reads*]

Item, A capon,	2*s.*	2*d.*
Item, Sauce,		4*d.*
Item, Sack, two gallons,	5*s.*	8*d.*
Item, Anchovies and sack after supper,	2*s.*	6*d.*
Item, Bread,		*ob.*

Prince. O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! What there is else, keep close; we 'll read it at more advantage. There let him sleep till day. I 'll to the court in the morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honorable. I 'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and I know his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning, and so, good morrow, Peto. [*Exeunt.*

Peto. Good morrow, good my lord.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Bangor. The Archdeacon's House.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, *and* GLENDOWER.

Mortimer. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope.
Hotspur. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,
Will you sit down?—
And uncle Worcester.—A plague upon it! 5
I have forgot the map.
Glendower. No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur,—
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale, and with
A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven. 10
Hotspur. And you in hell, as oft as he hears
Owen Glendower spoke of.
Glendower. I cannot blame him; at my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and at my birth 15
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.
Hotspur. Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kittened, though yourself had never been born. 20
Glendower. I say the earth did shake when I was born.
Hotspur. And I say the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.
Glendower. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hotspur. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diseasèd nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldam earth, and topples down
Steeples and moss-grown towers. At your birth
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glendower. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you, once again, that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living, clipp'd in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out that is but woman's son
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hotspur. I think there's no man speaks better Welsh.
I 'll to dinner.

Mortimer. Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.

Glendower. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hotspur. Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come when you do call for them?

Glendower. Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to command
The devil.
Hotspur. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil
By telling truth ; tell truth, and shame the devil.
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I 'll be sworn I 've power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil!
Mortimer. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable chat.
Glendower. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power ; thrice from the banks of Wye
And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent him
Bootless home and weather-beaten back.
Hotspur. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?
Glendower. Come, here 's the map ; shall we divide our right
According to our threefold order ta'en?
Mortimer. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits very equally.
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east is to my part assign'd ;
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower ; and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn ;
Which being sealèd interchangeably,
A business that this night may execute,
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you and I
And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth
To meet your father and the Scottish power,

As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.—
[*To* GLENDOWER.
Within that space you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighboring gentlemen.
Glendower. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords;
And in my conduct shall your ladies come;
From whom you now must steal and take no leave,
For there will be a world of water shed
Upon the parting of your wives and you.
Hotspur. Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours.
See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly;
It shall not wind with such a deep indent
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.
Glendower. Not wind? it shall, it must; you see it doth.
Mortimer. Yea, but mark how he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side;
Gelding th' opposèd continent as much
As on the other side it takes from you.
Worcester. Yea, but a little change will trench him here,
And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runneth straight and even.
Hotspur. I'll have it so; a little change will do it.
Glendower. I will not have it alter'd.

Hotspur. Will not you?
Glendower. No, nor you shall not.
Hotspur. Who shall say me nay?
Glendower. Why, that will I.
Hotspur. Let me not understand you, then; speak it in Welsh.
Glendower. I can speak English, lord, as well as you;
For I was trained up in the English court;
Where, being but young, I framèd to the harp
Many an English ditty lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament,
A virtue that was never seen in you.
Hotspur. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart,
I 'd rather be a kitten and cry *mew*
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers;
I 'd rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry.
'T is like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.
Glendower. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.
Hotspur. I do not care; I 'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I 'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?
Glendower. The moon shines fair; you may away by night.
I 'll haste the writer, and withal
Break with your wives of your departure hence;
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [*Exit.*
Mortimer. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!

Hotspur. I cannot choose; sometime he angers me
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of th' dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulten raven,
A couching lion and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,
He held me last night at the least nine hours
In reckoning up the several devils' names
That were his lackeys; I cried *hum*, and *well*, *go to*,
But marked him not a word. O, he 's as tedious
As is a tirèd horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house; I'd rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mortimer. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments; valiant as a lion,
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope
When you do cross his humor; faith, he does.
I warrant you, that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof;
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Worcester. In faith, my lord, you are too willful-blame;
And, since your coming hither, have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault.
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,—

And that's the dearest grace it renders you,—
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain;
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hotspur. Well, I am school'd; good manners be your speed!
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER *with the ladies.*

Mortimer. This is the deadly spite that angers me,
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glendower. My daughter weeps; she will not part with you;
She 'll be a soldier too, she 'll to the wars.

Mortimer. Good father, tell her that she and my aunt Percy
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[*Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, she answers him in the same.*

Glendower. She 's desperate here; a peevish self-willed harlotry,
One that no persuasion can do good 'pon.

[*The lady speaks in Welsh.*

Mortimer. I understand thy looks; that pretty Welsh
Which thou pour'st down from these swelling heavens
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In such a parley should I answer thee.

[*The lady speaks again in Welsh.*

I understand thy kisses and thou mine,

And that 's a feeling disputation ;
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language ; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.

Glendower. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad. [*The lady speaks again in Welsh.*

Mortimer. O, I am ignorance itself in this !

Glendower. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness,
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep
As is the difference 'twixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harness 'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mortimer. With all my heart I 'll sit and hear her sing ;
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glendower. Do so ;
And those musicians that shall play to you
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,
And straight they shall be here ; sit, and attend.

Hotspur. Come, Kate, come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady Percy. Go, ye giddy goose.

[*The music plays.*

Hotspur. Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh ;
And 't is no marvel he 's so humorous.
By 'r lady, he 's a good musician.

Lady Percy. Then should you be nothing but musical, for you are altogether governed by

humors. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hotspur. I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in Irish.

Lady Percy. Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

Hotspur. No.

Lady Percy. Then be still.

Hotspur. Neither; 't is a woman's fault.

Lady Percy. Now God help thee!

Hotspur. Peace! she sings.

[*Here the lady sings a Welsh song.*

Hotspur. Come, Kate, I 'll have your song too.

Lady Percy. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hotspur. Not yours, *in good sooth!* Heart! you swear like a comfit-maker's wife. *Not you, in good sooth*, and *as true as I live*, and *as God shall mend me*, and *as sure as day.*
And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,
As if thou ne'er walk'dst farther than Finsbury.
Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leave *in sooth*,
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,
To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens.
Come, sing.

Lady Percy. I will not sing.

Hotspur. 'T is the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I 'll away within these two hours, and so, come in when ye will. [*Exit.*

Glendower. Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as slow
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this our book's drawn; we 'll but seal, and then
To horse immediately.

Mortimer. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*London. The Palace.*

Enter the KING, PRINCE OF WALES, *and others.*

King. Lords, give us leave ; the Prince of Wales and I
Must have some private conference : but be near at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you.—
[*Exeunt* Lords.
I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He 'll breed revengement and a scourge for me ;
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood
And hold their level with thy princely heart?
Prince. So please your majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse
As well as I am doubtless I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal ;
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,—
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,—
By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.
King. God pardon thee! yet let me wonder, Harry

At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied,
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man
Prophetically does forethink thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at;
That men would tell their children, *This is he;*
Others would say, *Where, which is Bolingbroke?*
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crownèd king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast,
And won by rareness such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled and soon burnt; carded his state,
Mingled his royalty with carping fools,
Had his great name profanèd with their scorns,
And gave his countenance, against his name,

To laugh at gibing boys and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative;
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity;
That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey, and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;
But rather drows'd and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou;
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation: not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

Prince. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
Be more myself.

King. For all the world
As thou art to this hour was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurg,
And e'en as I was then is Percy now.
Now, by my scepter and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state
Than thou, the shadow of succession;

For of no right, nor color like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,
Turns head against the lion's armèd jaws,
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
To bloody battles and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honor hath he got
Against renownèd Douglas! whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms
Holds from all soldiers chief majority
And military title capital
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ.
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas; ta'en him once,
Enlargèd him and made a friend of him
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The Archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer
Capitulate against us and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels and court'sy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.

Prince. Do not think so; you shall not find it so;
And God forgive them that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,

And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood
And stain my favor in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honor and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.
For every honor sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here;
The which if He be pleas'd I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty, may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

King. A hundred thousand rebels die in this!
Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein.

Enter BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland has sent word
That Douglas and the English rebels met

Th' eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury.
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.
King. The Earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day,
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster;
For this advertisement is five days old.—
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward;
On Thursday we ourselves will march: our meeting
Is Bridgenorth; and, Harry, you shall march
Through Gloucestershire; by which account,
Our business valuèd, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business: let's away;
Advantage feeds him fat while men delay.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Eastcheap. The Boar's-Head Tavern.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Falstaff. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple-john. Well, I 'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse. The inside of a church! Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bardolph. Sir John, you are so fretful you can not live long.

Falstaff. Why, there is it: come sing me a song;

make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be, virtuous enough; swore little; diced not above seven times a week; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bardolph. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass.

Falstaff. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life. Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop,—but 't is in the nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

Bardolph. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Falstaff. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's-head or a *memento mori.* I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, *By this fire, that 's God's angel:* but thou art altogether given over, and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rann'st up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus* or a ball of wildfire, there 's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern; but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintain'd that salamander of yours with fire any time this two-and-thirty years; God reward me for it!

Bardolph. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your 'stomach!'

Falstaff. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter Hostess.

How now, Dame Partlet the hen! have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

Hostess. Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant; the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Falstaff. Ye lie, hostess: Bardolph was shaved and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn my pocket was picked. Go to, you are a woman, go.

Hostess. Who, I? no; I defy thee. God's light! I was never called so in mine own house before.

Falstaff. Go to, I know you well enough.

Hostess. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John. I know you, Sir John; you owe me money, Sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it. I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Falstaff. Dowlas, filthy dowlas; I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Hostess. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four-and-twenty pound.

Falstaff. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Hostess. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Falstaff. How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin

his cheeks. I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

Hostess. O, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper!

Falstaff. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup; 'sblood! an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.—

Enter the PRINCE *and* PETO, *marching, and* FALSTAFF *meets them playing on his truncheon like a fife.*

How now, lad! is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march?

Bardolph. Yea, two-and-two, Newgate fashion.

Hostess. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

Prince. What say'st thou, Mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.

Hostess. Good my lord, hear me.

Falstaff. Prithee, let her alone, and list to me.

Prince. What sayest thou, Jack?

Falstaff. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras and had my pocket picked.

Prince. What didst thou loose, Jack?

Falstaff. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

Prince. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Hostess. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is, and said he would cudgel you.

Prince. What! he did not?

Hostess. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Falstaff. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Hostess. Say, what thing? what thing? I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Falstaff. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Hostess. Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

Falstaff. What beast! why, an otter.

Prince. An otter, Sir John! why an otter?

Falstaff. Why, she 's neither fish nor flesh; a a man knows not where to have her.

Hostess. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou knave, thou!

Prince. Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Hostess. So he doth you, my lord; and said the other day you ought him a thousand pound.

Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Falstaff. A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

Hostess. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Falstaff. Did I, Bardolph?

Bardolph. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Falstaff. Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

Prince. I say 't is copper; darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Falstaff. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare; but, as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

Prince. And why not as the lion?

Falstaff. The king himself is to be feared as the lion; dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break.

Prince. Sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! why, thou impudent, embossed rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded,—if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain: and yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong. Art thou not ashamed?

Falstaff. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou know'st in the state of innocency Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess, then, you picked my pocket?

Prince. It appears so by the story.

Falstaff. Hostess, I forgive thee: go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason; thou seest I am pacified.—Still? Nay, prithee, be gone.—[*Exit* Hostess.] Now, Hal, to the news at court; for the robbery, lad, how is that answered?

Prince. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee; the money is paid back again.

Falstaff. O, I do not like that paying back; 't is a double labor.

Prince. I am good friends with my father and may do anything.

Falstaff. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwash'd hands too.

Bardolph. Do, my lord.

Prince. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Falstaff. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of the age of two-and-twenty or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praise them.

Prince. Bardolph!

Bardolph. My lord?

Prince. Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster,
To my brother John; this to my Lord of Westmoreland. [*Exit* BARDOLPH.
Go, Poins, to horse, to horse; for thou and I
Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner-time.
[*Exit* POINS.
Meet me to-morrow, Jack, in the Temple-hall
At two o'clock in the afternoon:
There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive
Money and order for their furniture.
The land is burning; Percy stands on high;
And either they or we must lower lie. [*Exit.*

Falstaff. Rare words! brave world!—Hostess, my breakfast; come!—
O, I could wish this tavern were my drum! [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, *and* DOUGLAS.

Hotspur. Well said, my noble Scot; if speaking truth
In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By Heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself.
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

Douglas. Thou art the king of honor;
No man so potent breathes upon the ground
But I will beard him.

Hotspur. Do so, and 't is well.—

Enter a Messenger *with letters.*

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.

Messenger. These letters come from your father.

Hotspur. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

Messenger. He cannot come, my lord; he is grievous sick.

Hotspur. Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick
In such a justling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?

Messenger. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.

Worcester. I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Messenger. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And, at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his physicians.
Worcester. I would the state of time had first been whole
Ere he by sickness had been visited;
His health was never better worth than now.
Hotspur. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise;
'T is catching hither, even to our camp.
He writes me here that inward sickness—
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn, nor did he think it meet
To lay so dangerons and dear a trust
On any soul remov'd but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is dispos'd to us;
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?
Worcester. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.
Hotspur. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off;
And yet, in faith 't is not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it.—Were it good
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope,
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.
Douglas. Faith, and so we should;
Where now remains a sweet reversion.

We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in;
A comfort of retirement lives in this.
Hotspur. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhood of our affairs.
Worcester. But yet I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division. It will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings kept the earl from hence;
And think how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction
And breed a kind of question in our cause;
For well you know we of the offering side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrament,
And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us.
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.
Hotspur. You strain too far.
I rather of his absence make this use:—
It lends a luster and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here; for men must think,
If we without his help can make a head
To push against the kingdom, with his help
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.
Douglas. As heart can think; there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON.

Hotspur. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

Vernon. Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards: with him Prince John.

Hotspur. No harm; what more?

Vernon. And, further, I have learn'd
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hotspur. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?

Vernon. All furnish'd, all in arms;
All plum'd like estridges that wing the wind:
Baited like eagles having lately bath'd;
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vault it with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hotspur. No more, no more; worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,

All hot and bleeding, will we offer them;
The mailèd Mars shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh
And yet not ours.—Come, let me take my horse,
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales;
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.
O that Glendower were come!

Vernon. There is more news;
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Douglas. That 's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Worcester. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hotspur. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

Vernon. To thirty thousand.

Hotspur. Forty let it be;
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster speedily;
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

Douglas. Talk not of dying; I am out of fear
Of death or death's hand for this one-half year.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Public Road near Coventry.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Falstaff. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack. Our soldiers shall march through; we 'll to Sutton Co'fil' to-night.

Bardolph. Will you give me money, captain?

Falstaff. Lay out, lay out.

Bardolph. This bottle makes an angel.

Falstaff. An if it do, take it for thy labor; an if it make twenty, take them all; I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bardolph. I will, captain; farewell. [*Exit.*

Falstaff. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been ask'd twice on the banns; such a commodity of warm slaves as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck. I press'd me none but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs lick his sores; and such as, indeed, were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters and ostlers trade-fallen, the cankers of a calm world and a long peace, ten times more dishonorable ragged than an old faced ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and press'd the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's

flat! nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There 's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half-shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-nose inn-keeper of Daventry. But that 's all one; they 'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter the PRINCE *and* WESTMORELAND.

Prince. How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!

Falstaff. What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought your honor had already been at Shrewsbury.

Westmoreland. Faith, Sir John, 't is more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all to-night.

Falstaff. Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

Prince. I think, to steal cream, indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

Falstaff. Mine, Hal, mine.

Prince. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Falstaff. Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they 'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

Westmoreland. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare,—too beggarly.

Falstaff. Faith, for their poverty,—I know not where they had that; and, for their bareness,—I am sure they never learned that of me.

Prince. No, I 'll be sworn ; unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste ; Percy is already in the field.

Falstaff. What, is the king encamped ?

Westmoreland. He is, Sir John ; I fear we shall stay too long.

Falstaff. Well,
To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast
Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, *and* VERNON.

Hotspur. We 'll fight with him to-night.

Worcester. It may not be.

Douglas. You give him then advantage.

Vernon. Not a whit.

Hotspur. Why say you so ? looks he not for supply ?

Vernon. So do we.

Hotspur. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Worcester. Good cousin, be advis'd ; stir not to-night.

Vernon. Do not, my lord.

Douglas. You do not counsel well;
You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

Vernon. Do me no slander, Douglas ; by my life,
And I dare well maintain it with my life,
If well-respected honor bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear
As you or any Scot that this day lives.
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle
Which of us fears.

Douglas. Yea, or to-night.
Vernon. Content.
Hotspur. To-night, say I.
Vernon. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up;
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labor tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half himself.
Hotspur. So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated and brought low;
The better part of ours are full of rest.
Worcester. The number of the king exceedeth ours;
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.
[*The trumpet sounds a parley.*

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.
Hotspur. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well; and even those some
Envy your great deservings and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.
Blunt. And God defend but still I should stand so,
So long as out of limit and true rule
You stand against anointed majesty.
But to my charge. The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs, and whereupon

You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty. If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs, and with all speed
You shall have your desires with interest,
And pardon absolute for yourself and these
Herein misled by your suggestions.

Hotspur. The king is kind; and well we know the king
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father and my uncle and myself
Did give him that same royalty he wears;
And, when he was not six-and-twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore:
And, when he heard him swear and vow to God
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery and beg his peace,
With tears of innocence and terms of zeal,
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs as pages, follow'd him
Even at the heels in golden multitudes.
He presently, as greatness knows itself,
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg;

And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts and some strait decrees
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth;
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for;
Proceeded farther; cut me off the heads
Of all the favorites that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut! I came not to hear this.

Hotspur. Then to the point.
In short time after, he depos'd the king;
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;
And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state;
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March—
Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
Indeed his king—to be engag'd in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited;
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories,
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
Rated mine uncle from the council-board;
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
This head of safety; and withal to pry
Into his title, the which now we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?

Hotspur. Not so, Sir Walter; we 'll withdraw awhile.
Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall my uncle
Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.
Hotspur. And may be so we shall.
Blunt. Pray God you do.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*York. The Archbishop's Palace.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK *and* SIR MICHAEL.

Archbishop. Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealèd brief
With wingèd haste to the lord mareshal;
This to my cousin Scroop, and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.
Sir Michael. My good lord,
I guess their tenor.
Archbishop. Like enough you do.
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The king with mighty and quick-raisèd power
Meets with Lord Harry; and, I fear, Sir Michael,
What with the sickness of Northumberland,
Whose power was in the first proportion,
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
Who with them was a rated sinew too,
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies,—
I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king.
Sir Michael. Why, my good lord, you need not fear; there 's Douglas
And Lord Mortimer.
Archbishop. No, Mortimer 's not there.

Sir Michael. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Harry Percy.
And there 's my Lord of Worcester, and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.
Archbishop. And so there is; but yet the king hath drawn
The special head of all the land together:
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt,
And many more corrivals and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.
Sir Michael. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well oppos'd.
Archbishop. I hope no less, yet needful 't is to fear;
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed:
For, if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power he means to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy;
And 't is but wisdom to make strong against him.
Therefore make haste. I must go write again
To other friends; and so, farewell, Sir Michael.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter the KING, PRINCE OF WALES, LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, SIR WALTER BLUNT, *and* FALSTAFF.

King. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon bosky hill! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.
Prince. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.
King. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.—
[*The trumpet sounds.*

Enter WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

How now, my Lord of Worcester! 't is not well
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our trust,
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel;
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorrèd war?
And move in that obedient orb again
Where you did give a fair and natural light,
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear and a portent
Of broachèd mischief to the unborn times?
Worcester. Hear me, my liege.
For mine own part, I could be well content

To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for, I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.
King. You have not sought it! how comes it, then?
Falstaff. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
Prince. Peace, chewet, peace!
Worcester. It pleas'd you majesty to turn your looks
Of favor from myself and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:
To this we swore our aid. But, in short space,
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,
What with our help, what with the absent king,
What with the injuries of a wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars
That all in England did repute him dead:
And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd

To gripe the general sway into your hand ;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncatser,
And, being fed by us, you us'd us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow,—did oppress our nest,
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk
That even our love durst not come near your sight
For fear of swallowing, but with nimble wing
We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight and raise this present head ;
Whereby we stand opposèd by such means
As you yourself have forg'd against yourself
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

King. These things, indeed, you have articulate,
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine color that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurly-burly innovation ;
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colors to impaint his cause,
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pell-mell havoc and confusion.

Prince. In both your armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy : by my hopes,
This present enterprise set off his head,
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant or more valiant-young,
More daring or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.

For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry,
And so I hear he doth account me too;
Yet this before my father's majesty—
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

King. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it.—No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well; even those we love
That are misled upon your cousin's part;
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he and they and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again and I'll be his.
So tell your cousin, and then bring me word
What he will do; but, if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So, be gone,
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair; take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt* WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

Prince. It will not be accepted, on my life.
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

King. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge,
For, on their answer, will we set on them;
And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt all but the* PRINCE OF WALES *and* FALSTAFF.]

Falstaff. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle and bestride me, so; 't is a point of friendship.

Prince. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Falstaff. I would it were bedtime, Hal, and all well.

Prince. Why, thou owest God a death. [*Exit.*

Falstaff. 'T is not due yet; I would be loathe to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 't is no matter; honor pricks me on. Yea, but how if honor prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honor set to a leg? no; or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no. Honor hath no skill in surgery, then? no. What is honor? a word. What is that word *honor?* air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. Is it insensible, then? yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I 'll none of it. Honor is a mere scutcheon; and so ends my catechism. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The Rebel Camp.*

Enter WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

Worcester. O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberal and kind offer of the king.

Vernon. 'T were best he did.

Worcester. Then are we all undone.
It is not possible, it can not be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offense in other faults.
Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes
For treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.

Look how we can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks,
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot;
It hath th' excuse of youth and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of privilege,
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen.
All his offences live upon my head
And on his father's; we did train him on,
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king.

Vernon. Deliver what you will; I 'll say 't is so,
Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR *and* DOUGLAS.

Hotspur. My uncle is return'd;
Deliver up my Lord of Westmoreland.—
Uncle, what news?

Worcester. The king will bid you battle presently.

Douglas. Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.

Hotspur. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Douglas. Marry, and shall, and very willingly.
[*Exit.*

Worcester. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hotspur. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Worcester. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworn.
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Douglas. Arm, gentlemen ! to arms ! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear it;
Which can not choose but bring him quickly on.
Worcester. The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the king,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.
Hotspur. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to-day
But I and Harry Monmouth ! Tell me, tell me,
How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?
Vernon. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man,
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his praise,
By still dispraising praise valued with you:
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself,
And chid his truant youth with such a grace
As if he master'd there a double spirit
Of teaching and of learning instantly.
There did he pause; but let me tell the world,
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstru'd in his wantonness.
Hotspur. Cousin, I think thou art enamorèd
Upon his follies; never did I hear
Of any prince so wild o' liberty.
But, be he as he will, yet once ere night

I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.—
Arm, arm with speed! and, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. My lord, here are letters for you.
Hotspur. I can not read them now.—
O gentlemen, the time of life is short!
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at th' arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Messenger. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.
Hotspur. I thank him that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking; only this—
Let each man do his best: and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now, *Esperancè!* Percy! and set on.—
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace;
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.
[*The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Plain between the Camps.*

The KING *enters with his power. Alarum to the battle. Then enter* DOUGLAS *and* SIR WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou crossest me? what honor dost thou seek
Upon my head?
Douglas. Know, then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus
Because some tell me that thou art a king.
Blunt. They tell thee true.
Douglas. The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, King Harry,
This sword hath ended him; so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.
Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

[*They fight.* DOUGLAS *kills* BLUNT.

Enter Hotspur.

Hotspur. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.
Douglas. All 's done, all 's won; here breathless lies the king.
Hotspur. Where?
Douglas. Here.
Hotspur. This, Douglas? no; I know this face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt,
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.
Douglas. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear;

Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hotspur. The king hath many masking in his coats.

Douglas. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
I 'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hotspur. Up, and away!
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter FALSTAFF, *solus.*

Falstaff. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring but upon the pate.—Soft! who are you! Sir Walter Blunt.—There's honor for you! here 's no vanity! I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy, too; God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered: there 's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter the PRINCE.

Prince. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword;
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are yet unreveng'd. Prithee, lend me thy sword.

Falstaff. O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe awhile. Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

Prince. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. I prithee, lend me thy sword.

Falstaff. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou gett'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

Prince. Give it me. What, is it in the case?

Falstaff. Ay, Hal; 't is hot, 't is hot; there 's that will sack a city.

[*The* PRINCE *draws it out, and finds it to be a bottle of sack.*]

Prince. What, is 't time to jest and dally now?

[*He throws the bottle at him. Exit.*

Falstaff. Well, if Percy be alive, I 'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so; if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honor as Sir Walter hath; give me life; which if I can save, so; if not, honor comes unlooked for, and there 's an end. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

Alarum. Excursions. Enter the KING, *the* PRINCE, LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, *and* WESTMORELAND.

King. I prithee,
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much.—
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

Lancaster. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

Prince. I beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

King. I will do so.—
My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

Westmoreland. Come, my lord, I 'll lead you to your tent.

Prince. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help;
And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,

Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!
Lancaster. We breathe too long. Come, cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.
[*Exeunt* PRINCE JOHN *and* WESTMORELAND.
Prince. By Heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster;
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit.
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.
King. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.
Prince. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all! [*Exit.*

Enter DOUGLAS.

Douglas. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads.
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colors on them; what art thou
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?
King. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart
So many of his shadows thou hast met
And not the very king. I have two boys
Seek Percy and thyself about the field:
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee; so defend thyself.
Douglas. I fear thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:
But mine I 'm sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee. [*They fight; the* KING *being in danger, re-enter* PRINCE OF WALES.

Prince. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again ! the spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt are in my arms;
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.—
[*They fight:* DOUGLAS *flies.*
Cheerly, my lord ! how fares your grace?
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succor sent,
And so hath Clifton ; I 'll to Clifton straight.
King. Stay, and breathe awhile.
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
And show'd thou mak'st some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.
Prince. O God ! they did me too much injury
That ever said I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
Th' insulting hand of Douglas over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your end
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And sav'd the treacherous labor of your son.
King. Make up to Clifton ; I 'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey. [*Exit.*

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hotspur. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.
Prince. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.
Hotspur. My name is Harry Percy.
Prince. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the Prince of Wales ; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more :
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere,
Nor can one England brook a double reign,

Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

Hotspur. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to God
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

Prince. I 'll make it greater ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honors on thy crest
I 'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hotspur. I can no longer brook thy vanities.

[*They fight.*

Enter FALSTAFF.

Falstaff. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Re-enter DOUGLAS; *he fights with* FALSTAFF, *who falls down as if he were dead, and exit* DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR *is wounded, and falls.*

Hotspur. O Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!
I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh:
But thought 's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue!—No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for— [*Dies.*

Prince. For worms, brave Percy; fare thee well, great heart!
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough: this earth that bears thee dead

Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal;
But let my favors hide thy mangled face,
And, even in thy behalf, I 'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!—
[*He spieth* FALSTAFF *on the ground.*
What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spar'd a better man.
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity!
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.
Embowel'd will I see thee by and by;
Till then in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*

Falstaff. [*Rising up.*] Embowel'd! if thou embowel me to-day, I 'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too to-morrow! 'Sblood! 't was time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: to die is to be a counterfeit, for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valor is discretion; in the which better part I have saved my life. Zounds! I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead. How if he should counterfeit too and rise? by my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I 'll make him sure; yea, and I 'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees

me. Therefore, sirrah [*stabbing him*], with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

[*Takes up* HOTSPUR *on his back.*

Re-enter the PRINCE OF WALES *and* LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER.

Prince. Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword.

Lancaster. But, soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prince. I did; I saw him dead,
Breathless and bleeding on the ground.—Art thou alive?
Or is it fant'sy plays upon our sight?
I prithee, speak; we will not trust our eyes
Without our ears: thou art not what thou seem'st.

Falstaff. No, that 's certain; I am not a double man, but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy [*throwing the body down*]: if your father will do me any honor, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

Prince. Why, Percy I kill'd myself and saw thee dead.

Falstaff. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valor bear the sin upon their own heads. I 'll take 't on my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh; if the man were alive and would deny it, zounds! I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

Lancaster. This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

Prince. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.—
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back;
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I 'll gild it with the happiest terms I have,—
[*A retreat is sounded.*
The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.
Come, brother, let 's to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.
[*Exeunt* PRINCE OF WALES *and* LANCASTER.
Falstaff. I 'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I 'll grow less; for I 'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do. [*Exit*

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the field.*

The trumpets sound. Enter the KING, PRINCE OF WALES, LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, *and others, with* WORCESTER *and* VERNON *prisoners.*

King. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—
Ill-spirited Worcester! did not we send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl, and many a creature else
Had been alive this hour,
If, like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.
Worcester. What I have done my safety urg'd me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.
King. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too;

Other offenders we will pause upon.—
[*Exeunt* WORCESTER *and* VERNON, *guarded.*
How goes the field?
Prince. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest,
And, falling from a hill, he was so bruis'd
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace
I may dispose of him.
King. With all my heart.
Prince. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honorable bounty shall belong.
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free.
His valor shown upon our crests to-day
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.
Lancaster. I thank your grace for this high courtesy,
Which I shall give away immediately.
King. Then this remains, that we divide our power.—
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland
Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms.—
Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day;
And, since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES.

THE notes that follow are largely those of the Longman Edition of this Play. In adapting the notes of this Edition to our needs, the original have been much changed—much added to and subtracted from.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE 1.

3. **New**, other than those civil broils which had disturbed the beginning of Henry's reign.

5. **Entrance**, mouth. "The earth which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood." Gen. 4: 11.

13. **Close**, grapple.

19. **As far as**, with destination as far as.

20. **Now**, we are now.

25. **Fourteen hundred.** Henry IV. ascended the throne at the close of the fourteenth century.

29. **Therefore**, for that purpose; viz., to tell you that we mean to go.

30. **My gentle cousin Westmoreland.** Ralph Nevill, created Earl of Westmoreland by Richard II. in 1397, had joined Bolingbroke's standard. *Cousin* (Lat. *cum*, together, and *sobrinus* from *soror*, sister) is the name of the child of a mother's sister. Its meaning was extended as here. *Gentle* means of gentle birth and breeding.

32. **Dear expedience**, important expedition.

33. **Hot in question**, a subject of eager discussion.

34. **Limits**, distinct specifications. So in *Macbeth*, ii. 2, "It is my limited service," my specified, appointed, or prescribed duty.

35. **Athwart**, perversely.

37. **Mortimer.** The Sir Edmund Mortimer of this play was brother of Henry Hotspur's wife, but not really Earl of March as Shakespeare, following Holinshed, has supposed. He was uncle to Edmund Mortimer fifth Earl of March, who, at this time only ten years old, was the rightful heir to the crown, but was in the custody of the king at Windsor.

39. **Glendower.** Owen Glendower, the great Welsh chieftain, had been an 'esquire of the body' to Richard II., and was strongly attached to that monarch. The Sir Edmund Mortimer of this play married Owen's daughter.

42. **Corpse** for corpses. The same plural occurs in 2 *K. Henry IV.*, i. 1.

49. **Uneven**, untoward.

51. **Holy-rood day.** Holy-rood or Holy-cross (A.-S. *rôd*-cross) day is September 14. The battle of Holmedon (now Hambleton) Northumberland, was in 1402.

52. **Young Harry Percy.** So called because his father the Earl of Northumberland was also Henry Percy. Shakespeare, in this play, erroneously supposes that young Harry and Prince Hal were of the same age. Hotspur was at this time as old as the king himself, upwards of thirty-five.

58. **Them**, the news; here referred to by a plural pronoun, though we have *news was* in the preceding line. In modern usage the singular is preferred.

63. **Stain'd with the variation of each soil**, spattered with the mud through which he had ridden in such haste.

68. **Balk'd**, piled together in ridges. A balk, or baulk, is a ridge between two furrows.

70. **Mordake**, or Murdoch, was eldest son, not of Douglas, but of Robert, Duke of Albany, regent of Scotland. The poet was misled by the omission of a comma in Holinshed.

82. **Minion**, a favorite.

93. **To his own use**, to have ransom for them or to discharge them at his own discretion. Percy had a right to act thus, by the acknowledged law of arms. He was bound to give up to the king the Earl of Fife, who was a prince of the royal blood, his father being brother to King Robert III.

95. **Worcester.** Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester, brother of the Earl of Northumberland.

SCENE 2.

11. **Time of day.** To ask for the time of night would be more fitting, Hal thinks.

15. **That wandering knight**, introduced by Falstaff for the sake of the equivoque between *knight* and *night*.

22. **Prologue**, an allusion to grace before meat.

23. **Roundly**, in plain, blunt terms.

26. **Squires of the night's body.** The principal attendant of a *knight* was called his squire.

27. **Beauty**, a pun upon *booty*.

39. **Swearing lay by.** *Lay by* was a highwayman's phrase, meaning *surrender*.——**Crying bring in**, crying to the waiter to bring in wine.

46. **Hybla**, a hill in Sicily abounding in thyme, etc., and famous for honey.——**Old lad of the castle.** This is allusive to the name *Oldcastle*, by which the Falstaff of this play was originally designated. It is said that Queen Elizabeth requested Shakespeare to alter the name, as some of the family of the Oldcastles were still remaining.

48. **Durance** was a strong and very durable kind of cloth. It also denoted prison or imprisonment. The buff leather jerkin, or doublet, commonly worn by a sergeant or sheriff's officer was from its durability and its wearer's office called sometimes a robe of durance.

62. **Yea, and so used it.** Falstaff here refers to *credit* in the sense of *character*.

65. **Resolution thus fobbed**, shall boldness of spirit, or the spirit of daring, be thus foiled or disappointed.——**The rusty curb**, the chains of imprisonment.

67. **Antic** denotes what is ancient or old-fashioned.

76. **Jumps with**, agrees with.

80. **No lean wardrobe.** The clothes of criminals were the hangman's perquisite.

81. **Gib cat.** *Gib* is a contraction of *Gilbert*, as *Tib* is of *Tibert*. A *gib* cat was an old male cat. The melancholy look of an old cat, or that of a bear lugged about the streets with a chain, is what Falstaff refers to.

85. **A hare.** Dr. Johnson says of the hare, "She is upon her form always solitary, and, according to the physic of the times, the flesh of it was supposed to generate melancholy."

86. **Moor-ditch**, part of the great moat formerly surrounding the city of London, and extending from Moorgate to Bishopsgate. Its dull filthy stream, with the marshes on one side of it, and the wretched houses on the other, gave rise to the term *Moor-ditch melancholy*.

88. **Most comparative**, most apt to use comparisons.

97. **Wisdom cries out.** Prov. 1: 20-24.

99. **Iteration**, mockery of one's words.

110. **Zounds**, God's wounds. An oath the meaning of which the user never knew. Cf. *'Sblood*, *Marry*, *dear me*.

111. **Baffle** originally meant to punish a recreant knight by hanging him up by the heels and beating him.

116. **If Gadshill have set a match.** To *set a match* was to lay a plan for a robbery. Gadshill, near Rochester, was much infested with highwaymen in Shakespeare's time.

148. **Stand for ten shillings** = stand for a **royal.** The royal was a coin worth ten shillings.

163. This speech is in ridicule of the usual style of the Puritan preacher's prayer before sermon. In it Falstaff calls robbing a recreation.

168. **All-hallown summer.** All-hallows, or All-saints day, is

November 1. The Prince likens Falstaff to a latter spring and an All-hallown summer, because of the youthful passions of his old age.

185. **Habits**, garments.

186. **Appointment**, equipment. There is here a quibbling reference to the words of Poins, "appoint them a place of meeting."

190. **The nonce.** The *n* of *then* passing over to *once, the nonce* is *then once* = this once.——**Noted**, known.

200. **Reproof**, refutation, disproof.

207. **Unyok'd**, unrestrained.

214. **To strangle him**, to smother him. Cf. *Macbeth*, ii. 3, "'T is day, and yet dark night strangles the traveling lamp."

222. **Hopes**, expectations.

226. **Foil**, a piece of gold or silver leaf placed under a transparent gem to set it off.

227. **To make offense**, as to make my offending a piece of skillful conduct. "This speech," says Johnson, "is very artfully introduced to keep the prince from appearing vile in the opinion of the audience; it prepares them for his future reformation; and, what is yet more valuable, exhibits a natural picture of a great mind offering excuses to itself, and palliating those follies which it can neither justify nor forsake."

SCENE 3.

3. **Found me** to be thus unapt.

6. **Than my condition**, than be what my temperament denotes.

17. **Presence**, demeanor.

27. **Misprision**, mistake.

38. **A pouncet-box**, a small box with perforated lid, containing an aromatic smelling-powder.

40. **Who**, his nose.

41. **Took it in snuff.** This is word-play. To take anything in snuff was to take offense at it, to be indignant at it.

46. **Holiday and lady terms**, ceremonious terms. *Much Ado*, v. 2, "Festival terms;" *Merry Wives*, iii. 2, "He speaks holiday."

51. **Popinjay**, parrot.

53. **He should**, the king should or should not have the prisoners.

58. **Parmaceti**, a corruption of *spermaceti*.

62. **Tall fellow**, brave fellow. The epithets *tall* and *stout* were often applied to men and ships with the sense of sturdy, brave, gallant.

63. **But**, unless, except.

87. **Indent with fears**, make terms with fears, dangers causing fears.

101. **In changing hardiment**, in exchange of hard blows.

104. **Who**, the Severn, or the tutelary power of the stream.

106. **Crisp**, curled.

118. **Sirrah**, used only towards an inferior.

137. **Canker'd**, ill-natured.

143. **An eye of death**, an eye of deadly fear.

146. **Next of blood.** Edmund Mortimer, son of Roger, was next in order of succession to Richard II.

148. **And then it was.** And it was then.

158. **His cousin king.** There is here a quibbling allusion to *cozen*, that is, cozening or crafty.

163. **Of murderous subornation**, of the guilt of procuring the murder of Richard.

168. **Line**, position. So in iii. 2, "And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou."

176. **This canker.** The *canker* means here the dog-rose, as in *Much Ado About Nothing*, i. 3, "I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace!"

181. **Your banish'd honors**, your honors that have been banished from the opinion of good men.

183. **Disdain'd**, disdainful. The affix *-ed* used to denote *having*, or *characterized by*, oftener than now.

193. **Footing**, support.

207. **Corrival**, rival, partner.

209. **A world of figures**, innumerable imaginary forms of danger which keep his mind from the proper work before it.

214. **A Scot**, a tax payment. Cf. *scot-free.*

227. **Defy**, renounce, abjure.

228. **Bolingbroke**, the king was so called from a castle of that name in Lincolnshire.

229. **Sword-and-buckler**, not then accounted gentlemanly arms; the rapier had superseded them.

232. **Could not have been said in earnest.**

243. **The madcap duke.** Edmund, Duke of York, son of Edward III., a weak-minded man, and more given to pastime than to business. He died in 1402.——**Kept**, lodged.

259. **The Douglas' son.** Mordake, Earl of Fife, not really *the Douglas' son.*

268. **His brother's death, etc.** This is a mistake. The Archbishop of York was Richard Scroop, son of Lord Scroop of Bolton. The Scroop who was beheaded at Bristol was Lord William Scroop of Masham, Earl of Wiltshire.

269. **In estimation**, according to conjecture.

275. **Thou still lett'st slip**, an allusion to setting a leash of greyhounds free from the slips for the chase.——**Still, always.**

276. **It cannot choose but be**, it can not help being.

283. **Him**, himself.

ACT SECOND.

SCENE 1.

2. **Charles' wain**, churl's wain, or rustic's wagon. The constellation of the Great Bear was popularly so called.

6. **Cut's saddle.** *Cut* was a name for a curtal or docked horse.

7. **Flocks**, locks of wool or hair.——**Wrung in the withers**, galled in the shoulders.

8. **Out of all cess**, to an inordinate excess.

10. **The next way**, the nearest way. *Othello*, i. 3:

"To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on."

13. **Since the price of oats rose.** Knight says, "In 1596 the price of oats was exceedingly high. This play was undoubtedly written about 1596.

16. **Stung like a tench.** Knight says, "The particular charge against fleas of troubling fish is gravely set forth in Philemon Holland's Translation of Pliny."

22. **A gammon of bacon**, a smoked ham.——**Razes**, bales.

23. **Charing Cross.** Charing was anciently a detached village. The cross erected there was to commemorate the last place where the body of Eleanor, Edward I.'s queen, rested on the way to Westminster.

28. **An.** *And* in the the sense of *if* dropped its *d* in Shakespeare's time.——**Drink**, to drink.

29. **Pate**, vulgar for head.

40. **Quoth a**, quoth he.

48. **Chamberlain**, the one who has charge of the bed-rooms.

54. **Thou layest the plot how**, thou apprisest the thief when an opportunity will occur. It was not unusual in old times for the chamberlains, hostlers, etc., of inns, to be in collusion with highwaymen.

57. **A franklin**, one who possesses a freehold.

63. **Saint Nicholas' clerks.** Saint Nicholas was a patron saint of clerks or scholars; and hence, as Nicholas, or old Nick, was a cant name for the devil, the robbers were equivocally called Saint Nicholas' clerks.

68. **What.** For what? Why? "What sit we then projecting peace and war?" *Par. Lost*, ii. 329.

72. **Trojans**, a cant name for boon companions.

76. **Foot land-rakers**, footpads.——**Sixpenny strikers**, petty robbers who would attack even the poorest travelers.

78. **Malt-worms**, tipplers.

79. **Great oneyers.** *Great ones* are here humorously called *great oney-ers*.——**Hold in**, be secret, stick by each other.

85. **Their boots, their gain**, advantage, or booty.

91. **The receipt of fern-seed.** An old superstition is here referred to—that fern-seed, if gathered on Midsummer Eve, with certain formalities, and carried in the pocket, would render the possessor invisible. The fructification of ferns being on the back of the leaf, and the smallness of the seeds rendering it difficult to discern them, the vulgar came to ascribe magic virtue to a plant which seemed to be propagated by invisible seed.

96. **Purchase, earning.**——**True, honest.**

SCENE 2.

2. **Frets.** To *fret* meant to grumble, as well as to wear away "like a moth fretteth a garment;" hence the quibble here.

13. **Squire,** the measuring rule.

18. **Given me medicines.** *Othello* i. 3,

"She is abused, stolen from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks."

38. **To colt me,** to trick or gull me.

41. **Uncolted,** unhorsed.

46. **Peach,** impeach, give information.

52. **Our setter,** the setter of our match.

78. **Happy man be his dole,** "Lucky man be the lot dealt to him." A dole is that which is dealt out.

91. **Gorbellied,** big-bellied. "Perhaps," as Staunton says, "corrupted for *gorge-bellied.*"

92. **Chuffs,** clownish fellows: burly, swollen men—swollen with gluttony and guzzling.

98. **Argument,** subject of conversation.

SCENE 3.

Warkworth Castle, still standing on a lofty rock in Warkworth, Northumberland.

12. **Unsorted,** ill-selected, unsuitable.

34. **Moving,** trying to stir or incite.

35. **Let him tell the king.** The letter was from George, Earl of Dunbar and March, who warned the king, and also attended him at Shrewsbury, where he rescued him from the fierce onslaught of the Douglas, and carried King Henry out of danger.

48. **Curst,** sullen or ill-tempered.

51. **Terms of manage,** technical terms of horsemanship.

54. **Frontiers,** here forts along the boundaries, or frontiers.

55. **Basilisks,** large guns, so called from their supposed resemblance to the basilisk or cockatrice.——**Culverin,** cannon.

73. **O Esperance.** *Esperance,* i. e., *hope,* was the motto of the Percy family, and is here used by Percy in anticipation of his war-cry.

81. As you are tossed with. An irritable temper was supposed to be connected with a swelling or agitation of the spleen.
85. To line his enterprise. To *line* is to support or fortify.
87. Paraquito, a small parrot.
94. Mammets, puppets.
96. Current, as current coins. Any coin, as a *crown*, when *cracked* was uncurrent.

SCENE 4.

1. Fat room, vat room. So in Mark 12: 1, "The wine-fat."
6. Sworn brother. An allusion to *fratres jurati*, brothers sworn to share faithfully the dangers and advantages of some common enterprise.
7. Drawers, tapsters.
12. A Corinthian. A cant name for a lascivious fellow: Corinth having been noted for its courtesans.
17. Breathe in your watering, take breath while drinking.
25. Under-skinker, an under-drawer or tapster.
29. Bastard, a kind of sweet wine.
37. Perfect, in the part or performance.
47. By 'r lady, by our lady the Virgin.
69. Anon, Francis? Give you the thousand pounds anon, Francis?
74. Nott-pated, round headed; having close-cropped hair. ——Caddis, a kind of worsted tape.
115. Brawn, Falstaff. —— Rivo, a common Bacchanalian shout.
121. Nether-stocks, stockings. Breeches were called upper-stocks.
124. Titan, the sun.
128. Lime, added to give strength to the liquor.
134. A shotten herring, a herring dried.
137. I would I were a weaver, etc. Weavers and tailors were much addicted to the practice of singing at their work.
142. A dagger of lath, the weapon of the buffoon who was called the Vice in the ancient comedies.
172. At half-sword, at half-sword distance, in close fight.
175. Hose, breeches.
205. Ward, fencing, guard, posture.
229. Down fell their hose. This banter refers to the points or tagged laces that held the breeches. So in *Twelfth Night*, i. 5, when the Clown says, "I am resolved on two points," Maria replies, "That, if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall."
230. I followed me close. This expletive use of the word *me* gives a quaint turn to the expression.

236. **In Kendal green.** Kendal was in old times noted for the making and dyeing of cloths. The dress of Robin Hood and his merry foresters was Kendal green.

242. **Tallow-keech.** A *keech* was the name for a rolled mass of beef fat.

251. **The strappado.** By this instrument of punishment a person was drawn up to its height, and then suddenly with a jerk let fall half-way, so as to break or disjoint his bones.

255. **I, ay, yes.** *Ay* or *aye*, spelt *I* in old dramatists.

256. **Guilty of this sin,** of allowing Falstaff to tell lies.

259. **Elf-skin.** This alludes to the diminuntive clothing of an elf or fairy.

262. **Vile standing tuck.** A *tuck* is a long thin sword, a rapier. Instead of *standing* we would now say *walking*.

272. **Out-faced, brow-beat.——With a word,** in a word.

287. **The lion will not touch, etc.** The opinion was prevalent in old times that a lion would not harm either true chastity or true royalty.

313. **Give him as much, etc.** That is, give him 3*s.* 4*d.* The jest here refers to a nobleman as denoting a man worth a noble, or 6*s.* 8*d.*, and a royal man as one worth a royal, or 10*s.*

335. **Of true men,** of the honest men we attacked.

341. **Fire,** an allusion to Bardolph's fiery complexion.

343. **These meteors.** Referring still to his complexion.

349. **Halter,** a quibbling reference to *choler* as suggesting *collar*.

351. **Bombast,** cotton-wadding. Now an affected, padded, tumid style of speech.

361. **Amaimon,** according to Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, a spirit who might be bound at certain hours. He was the demon king of the east, one of the four ruling spirits invoked by witches.

362. **The cross of a Welsh hook.** Falstaff here refers to the custom of swearing upon a figure of the cross engraved on a sword, or on the hilt, which gave the weapon itself the shape of a cross.

370. **Pistol.** An anachronism. The weapon not in use so early as Henry IV.

382. **Blue-caps,** the name of a weed that grows amongst corn.

399. **State,** throne, or royal chair. *Macbeth* III. 4, "Our hostess keeps her state."

401. **Is taken for,** is regarded as no better than.

409. **Here is my leg,** here I do obeisance with my leg.

422. **Tickle-brain,** the name of some kind of liquor.

434. **Prove a micher, etc.** Prove a sneaking truant, as boys do to pick blackberries.

464. **A rabbit-sucker,** a sucking rabbit.——**Poulter,** a dealer in poultry.

479. **Bolting-hutch**, a bin, or hutch, for receiving bolted, or sifted, flour.

480. **Bombard**, a barrel.

481. **Roasted Manningtree ox**, supposed to refer to a custom of roasting an ox at Manningtree Fair, in Essex.—**That reverend vice, etc.** The Vice, Iniquity, and Vanity, were characters in the ancient dramas called Moralities.

483. **Taste sack.** *Taste* is here used for *test* or *try*.

489. **Take me with you**, let me understand you.

521. **Never call a true, etc.** The mad-cap prince was mad in reality, and needed no contrivance to make himself appear a madman; to say that the prince was *assuming* the role of a mad-cap would be to call a true piece of gold a counterfeit.

526. **Your major**, a quibble between *major* officer, or *mayor*, and the major proposition of a syllogism.

528. **A cart**, the cart in which criminals were conveyed to execution.

531. **Arras**, the wall curtains. Apartments were often hung round with tapestry curtains.

538. **Hue and cry**, clamor, outcry.

559. **Paul's**, St. Paul's Cathedral. Very conspicuous.

572. **Ob.**, a contraction for *obolus*, a small Greek coin = three and a half cents.

580. **Twelve-score**, of frequent occurrence in relation to archery, cannon, etc., and denoted twelve-score yards.

ACT THIRD.

SCENE 1.

2. **Our induction**, introduction or commencement.

15. **Cressets**, lights. Called cressets because the lights were in the form of a little cross. F. *Croisette*.

31. **Enlargement**, disengagement, liberation.

35. **Of**, from, on the part of.

44. **Clipp'd in**, included within.

78. **Indentures tripartite**, triple agreement.

94. **Moiety**, share, proportion; not then restricted to denote *half*.

96. **Comes me cranking in**, comes winding or bending inwards.

98. **Cantle**, slice or corner.

100. **Smug.** This word generally meant *spruce in dress*.

107. **Continent**, that which contains.

139. **Break with**, broach the subject to. *To break with a person* now means to quarrel with him.

143. **I cannot choose**, I cannot help it.

144. **The moldwarp, etc.** Respecting the dividing of the land between Mortimer, Percy, and Glendower, Holinshed says, "This was done (as some have said) through a foolish credit given to a vain prophecy, as though King Henry was the moldwarp, cursed of God's own mouth, and they three were the dragon, the lion, and the wolf, which should divide this realm between them."

149. **Skimble-skamble,** rambling.

157. **Windmill,** used for grinding grain, and therefore noisy.

158. **Cates,** delicacies.

162. **Concealments,** secrets.

180. **Opinion,** obstinacy. Cf. *opinionated.*

185. **Be your speed,** achieve success.

196. **Swelling heavens,** flooded eyes.

197. **But for shame, etc.** Were it not for shaming my manhood, I would weep too.

201. **Never be a truant,** never play truant from school.

205. **Division,** descant or variation in music.

208. **Rushes,** with which the apartment was strewed. Even the presence chamber of royalty was carpeted with rushes in old times.

218. **Our book,** the pages of our indenture.

222. **Yet straight, etc.** This is Glendower's assertion of his magic power.

227. **He 's so humorous.** The devil is so swayed by humors.

233. **Lady, my brach,** my female hound.

245. **Comfit,** sweet-meats.

248. **Sarcenet surety.** Asseveration like that of the city dames. Sarcenet was a stuff made by the Saracens and worn by the rich.

250. **Swear me, Kate.** An instance of the expletive pronoun so often occurring in this play.

252. **Pepper,** spiced.

253. **Velvet-guards,** women that wear velvet bordered dress.

256. **The next way, etc.** The nearest way to be like a tailor who is always singing while at work, or a teacher of piping birds.

SCENE 2.

8. **Passages,** occurrences.

13. **Lewd,** base.

20. **Doubtless,** sure.

24. **Reproof,** disproof.

31. **From,** away from.

43. **To possession,** to the possessor of the crown, Richard II.

59. **Such solemnity,** the solemnity of a feast.

61. **Bavin**, dry brushwood, light, combustible.
62. **Carded his state**, discarded his dignity, as cards are thrown out of the pack.
63. **Carping**, taunting.
67. **Comparative**, one who uses terms of comparison.
69. **Enfeoff'd himself**, gave himself up, devoted himself.
73. **By much too much**, excessively too much. The expression *too much* was often intensified by prefixing *too*. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ii. 4, "O but I love his lady too too-much."
77. **Community**, commonness, familiarity.
81. **But rather drows'd**, but with such eyes as rather drowsed.
83. **Cloudy**, gloomy.
85. **Line**, position.
98. **Interest to the state**, interest in the eyes of the state.
101. **Harness**, armor.
103. **Being no more, etc.** Being no older than thyself. This was not the fact. Shakespeare thought it poetically expedient to make Hotspur an "infant warrior."
115. **Enlargèd him**, set him at large, liberated him.
120. **Capitulate**, draw up heads or articles of conspiracy. ——**Up**, in arms.
123. **Dearest**, most important. *Hamlet*, i. 2, "Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven."
136. **Favor**, features, face.
138. **Lights**, happens.
141. **Unthought-of**, unregarded.
148. **To engross up**, to collect or store up.
151. **Worship**, homage.
154. **I shall, etc.** That I shall perform it,
156. **Long-grown wounds**, long-repeated grievances.
157. **Bands**, bonds. The words *band* and *bond* were formerly interchangeable.
158. **A hundred thousand, etc.** This is to me as good as the deaths of, etc.
176. **By which account, etc.** And our business being reckoned according to this account.
180. **Feeds him**, feeds himself.

SCENE 3.

5. **Apple-John.** This species of apple keeps well, though it soon has a withered appearance.
6. **In some liking**, in tolerable looking or appearance. "Their young ones are in good liking." Job 39: 4.
15. **Given**, addicted, disposed.
19. **In good compass**, within proper bounds.

26. **The lantern in the poop,** by which the admiral's ship was distinguished.

43. **A perpetual triumph, etc.** *Triumphs* denoted shows, such as masks, revels, bonfires, rejoicings, etc. One of Bacon's Essays is *Of Masks and Triumphs.*

47. **Drunk me.** Another example of the expletive *me.*——**As good cheap,** literally, at as good a market. Fr. *à bon marché.* The word *cheap* originally meant *market.* The expression *good cheap* is quite familiar to the readers of our old literature.

75. **Dowlas,** coarse linen cloth. Probably from *Doullens* in Picardy, France, where it was made.

77. **Bolters,** sifting canvas, sieves.

86. **A younker,** a greenhorn.

93. **A Jack,** a common name for a low menial fellow.——**A sneak-cup,** one who avoids deep potations. A *sneaker* was a small bowl of punch.

96. **Is the wind in that door,** is that the direction for us?

122. **A drawn fox.** A fox when drawn from his kennel is very subtle in devising expedients for his safety.——**Maid Marian,** a female character in the morris dances, often personated by a man. The original Maid Marian was Robin Hood's forest queen.

140. **Ought.** This form of the past tense of *owe* was often used for *owed.*

161. **Embossed,** swollen, puffed up.

182. **Good angel,** a quibbling allusion to the coin called an angel.

189. **With unwashed hands too,** with out thinking that you do wrong. An allusion to the ceremony of washing the hands when one is compelled to act contrary to his own sense of right.

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE 1.

3. **Such attribution,** such an ascription of worth.

6. **Defy,** abjure.

7. **Soothers,** flatterers.

32. **That his friends, etc.** That his friends could not so soon be raised by means of a deputy.

44. **His present want,** his not being with us now. Our want of him.

49. **Therein should we read, etc.** In the assemblage of all our powers at once we should see the utmost depth and the entire soul of the resources we have to depend on.

51. **List,** circumscribing limit.

56. **A comfort of retirement**, the comfort of having something to fall back upon.
59. **The maidenhood**, the young beginning.
61. **Hair**, character.
68. **Question**, misgiving.
69. **Offering**, aggressive.
85. **This term of fear.** Douglas here refers to the conclusion of Worcester's last speech.
95. **Nimble-footed.** Stowe says, "He was passing swift in running, insomuch that he, with two other of his lords, without hounds, bows, or other engine, would take a wild buck or doe in a large park.
98. **Estridges, etc.** Ostriches that strove with, or strove to outstrip, the wind.
104. **Beaver.** The word here seems to denote, not the part of the helmet usually so called, but the helmet itself.
105. **Cuisses**, defensive armor for the thighs. Fr. *cuisse*, the thigh.
118. **Reprisal**, object of seizure.
129. **Battle**, army.

SCENE 2.

13. **Soused gurnet**, pickled fish.
16. **Press**, the press of enlistment.
22. **Toasts-and-butter**, a contemptuous term for effeminate, comfort-loving cockneys.
25. **Ancients**, ensign-bearers. Fr. *enseigne.*
27. **The painted cloth**, an allusion to the custom of hanging the walls of apartments with cloths on which were painted representations of Dives and Lazarus, the Prodigal Son, and other Scripture subjects.
29. **Unjust**, dishonest.
30. **Revolted**, runaway.
33. **Old faced ancient**, an old patched standard.
52. **Quilt**, refers to Falstaff's obesity.
55. **I cry you mercy.** To cry any one mercy is to beg pardon.
63. **Thy theft.** This implies a perversion of Falstaff's words to signify, "I am as vigilant to steal cream as a cat is."
68. **To toss**, on the enemy's pikes.
76. **Three fingers' thickness of fat.**

SCENE 3.

38. **Defend**, forbid. Fr. *défendre.*
39. **Limit**, appointed duty.
42. **Griefs**, complaints.
51. **Suggestions**, prompting.

62. **To sue his livery**, to claim delivery to him of his lawful inheritance.
68. **The more and less.** A very common expression in old times for *the greater and less*, or, high and low.
70. **Stood in lanes**, made lanes between them for him to pass.
88. **Personal**, there in person.
92. **Task'd**, taxed.
95. **Indeed his king.** The inaccuracy of this has been shown.
—— **Engag'd**, detained as a gage, or pledge.

SCENE 4.

1. **Brief**, letter. Now the points of a lawyer's argument.
10. **Bide the touch**, bear the trial.
17. **A rated sinew**, a valued sinew of battle.
30. **Corrivals**, copartners. *Rival* occurs several times in Shakespeare in the sense of partner or associate.

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE 1.

2. **Bosky**, woody.
12. **Doff**, for *do off*, as *don* for *do on*.
13. **Old limbs.** The king could hardly be called old, he was but thirty-six.
29. **Chewet**, a chattering bird. A kind of pie—minced meat.
32. **Remember you**, remind you.
60. **That ungentle gull**, the young cuckoo, which the hedge-sparrow mistakes for her own offspring, because hatched in her nest.
72. **Articulate**, drawn up in the form of articles.
76. **Discontents**, malcontents.
80. **Water-colors**, thin pretexts.
81. **Starving for**, hungering after, greedily longing for.
88. **This present enterprise**, apart from the guilt of this present enterprise resting on his head.
96. **Yet this**, yet let me say this before.
119. **On their answer**, on receipt of their answer.
122. **Bestride**, for the purpose of defending.

SCENE 2.

29. **Deliver up, etc.** The Earl of Westmoreland had been *engaged* or *impawned*, for the safe return of Worcester.
45. **Cannot choose but bring**, can not help bringing.

50. **Monmouth**, the town in Wales where the prince was born.

51. **How show'd his tasking?** How looked his challenging? The manner in which he *taxed* me?

67. **Envy**, ill-will, enmity.

68. **Owe**, own, possess.

100. **Heaven to earth.** This is analogous in import to the more common form of stating odds. "All the world to nothing," in *King Richard* III., i. 2, and "My dukedom to a beggarly denier."

SCENE 3.

7. **The Lord of Stafford**, Edmund, fifth Earl of Stafford.

29. **Stand full fairly**, have a fair chance of winning the day.

30. **Shot-free**, without paying shot, or proportion of reckoning.

46. **Turk Gregory.** Hildebrand, Pope Gregory VII., is here called *Turk*, in order to heap hated epithets upon him.

60. **A carbonado**, a slice of flesh or fowl scored for broiling.

61. **Grinning honor.** Alluding to the distortion of the features by death.

SCENE 4.

5. **Make up**, go forward.

32. **Seek**, that seek.

48. **Opinion**, reputation.

83. **I could prophesy.** Dying persons were supposed to be sometimes gifted with prophetic sagacity. In the *Merchant of Venice*, i. 2, Nerissa says, "Holy men at their death have good inspirations."

93. **Stout**, valiant.

100. **Ignomy, ignominy.** The contraction is often met with in old authors. *Physiognomy* was often corrupted to *viznomy*.

112. **Powder me**, salt me.

115. **Scot and lot**, taxation according to one's means.

131. **Flesh'd**, made proof of.

SCENE 5.

6. **Upon our party**, on our side.

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